

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 168 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK

No. 879.

NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1915.

Price 5 Cents.

DOUBLEQUICK

THE KING HARPOONER;

— OR —

THE WONDER OF THE WHALERS.

By CAPT. THOS. H. WILSON.
AND OTHER STORIES.



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THE WONDER OF THE WHALERS

By CAPT. THOS. H. WILSON

CHAPTER I.

A GOOD STORY INTERRUPTED.

"As I was tellin' you, I was captain of a China tea clipper in '45 when this happened, and if you want proof you can go to old Sam Starboard."

The scene was the cabin of the American whaling ship Skipper's Bride, then in the South Pacific, not far from the island of Tristan d'Acunha, cruising for whales.

The speaker was the mate of the vessel, Mr. William Binnacle, usually called old Bill Binnacle, or "Old Toplight," on account of the redness of his nasal organ, his hair also, what little there was left of it, reminding one of a conflagration.

His hearers were two boat-steerers, or harpooners, the ship-keeper, the cook, the carpenter, and two steerage boys, and the mate was about to relate to them one of his most thrilling experiences, being considered as remarkable a story-teller as the veracious Baron Munchausen and just about as reliable.

At the mainmast head stood a young man by the name of Fred Gilbert, though he was hardly ever called by it, who was old Bill's boat-steerer, the mate heading the larboard boat.

At the foremast-head was a seaman called Jimmy Hulk, stroke oar in the mate's boat, a good oarsman, but a morose and sulky fellow, with whom no one could get along.

The captain himself, old Billy Merriweather, was at the mizzen, and was considered to possess as sharp an eye for whale as any one in the fleet, though as is usual in men who praise themselves a good deal, as he did, his powers were very much over-estimated.

At the wheel was Spanker Howard, bow oarsman of the mate's boat, a thorough seaman and a good fellow, though irritable at times.

About the deck were the foremast hands of the port watch engaged in various light duties.

Having introduced our principal characters, we will now return to the cabin, where old Bill Binnacle is spinning his yarn.

"As I told you when I began," he said, "we ran across one o' those Chinese pirates and we without any means o' fighting him.

"He hove down to us, his guns a-bristlin' and all his pig-tailed sharks grinnin' and showin' their white teeth, as if they'd have liked to chew us up, the beggars.

"We had a young woman aboard what I was particular about, because her pop, the owner of the clipper, told me to take good care of her and deliver her safe into port, or he'd give me the darnedest thrashing I ever had in my life.

"Seein' that he was so anxious about the girl, I made up my mind that those yaller-headed wretches would have to cut me up into mince-meat before I'd give her up. So I yelled out to the gunner——"

"There she blows!"

"Where away?"

"Three points off the lee bow, sir, five miles away."

"Well, I'll be blessed, if they haven't all gone," said the old

fellow, looking up. "There's another good story gone to thunder, and just when I'd got to the crisis."

He ran up on deck and found a scene of great confusion, the captain hurrying down the rigging, the men throwing off their jackets and shoes, the harpooners looking after the irons, the ship-keeper calling his crew together, the third mate bawling to the man at the main, and a hundred other things all going on at the same instant.

"Who saw 'em, Mr. Locke?" asked the old fellow.

"Young Gilbert, sir."

"Doublequick, eh? Good enough. Hooray for the port watch. Captain Billy's sharp eyes were in his pocket this time."

At this moment the captain leaped down on deck from the mizzen shrouds.

"Get ready the boats there!" sang out the skipper. "Come down from aloft!"

As the young harpooner, whom Binnacle had called Doublequick on account of his rapidity in striking whales and his general quickness in everything, stepped on deck, the seamen all set up a shout:

"Three cheers for Doublequick, the King Harpooner!"

"And the wonder of all the whalers," added Binnacle. "Now, then, lads, get the boat ready, and we'll show these greasers that we're right after them every time."

Doublequick, as we shall call him for the most part, took the sheaths from his irons, and as soon as the line tubs were put into the boats, spliced on the warp of the first harpoon and got the second all ready, looked to his lances and sheath knives, and had all this completed long before any one else.

"All ready, Mr. Binnacle?" called out the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Now."

"Hoist and swing!" called out both men simultaneously, the boats being hauled off the cranes, and the latter swung in and fastened to the rail.

"Lower!" yelled the mate, and away went the boat, the men scrambling in as it descended and being all in their places when it touched water.

"Lower!" cried the captain, half a minute later, but by the time his boat was in the water, the mate had got up his mast, spread his sail and was scudding away in the direction of the unconscious leviathans at a good rate.

"Lay back on yours oars, my bullies," said Doublequick, who pulled an oar himself. "Give a good stroke, Jimmy, and I'll soon show you what I can do with a harpoon."

CHAPTER II.

A FRIGHTFUL RIDE.

Doublequick, as he was called, was the son of a whaler now dead, and had been literally born in the business, and had risen from cabin boy to his present position of harpooner.

He was the sole support of his widowed mother and younger brother.

He was about twenty-three years old, strong, hearty and vigorous.

He lived in New Bedford, and had bought his mother a neat cottage, for which he had paid about three-quarters of the price asked, and expected to bring home the rest upon his return.

He had been away nearly a year, and would probably be gone two more, his earnings, already amounting to considerably more than what was due on the house, the season's catch having been a good one.

The man of whom he had bought the house was a miserly old fellow named Horner, whom he did not like and did not fully trust.

Our hero knew that this fellow was not above cheating his mother out of her house if he could do so safely, and he had therefore made the old rascal sign an agreement which bound him to wait until his return before he received the balance due on the property, with interest added.

Doublequick's younger brother, Louis, was a lad of about sixteen at the time of his last departure from home, and attended school in New Bedford, being bright, studious and remarkably quick in everything.

He was sometimes called Little Doublequick, after his older brother, and gave promise of being as efficient in his way as the latter was in his, though he had no particular fancy for the sea, inheriting his mother's tastes instead of his father's like Fred.

Having stated these facts for the benefit of our readers, we will leave the widow and her younger son for the present and return to our hero, whom we left in the boat scudding away after the whales.

Soon after they had their sail set the wind sprang up afresh, and carried them along even much faster than the ship.

Mr. Binnacle's boat had a larger sail than the other three, and in a good, stiff breeze he could make a great deal better time than any of them.

When they had arrived within a half mile of where the whales were still spouting and playing, all unmindful of their approach, the mate and his crew were fully two miles ahead of the other boats.

The wind was so strong and the water so rough that Binnacle ordered his men to take in their oars and trust to the sail alone.

Our hero glanced over his shoulder to look at the whales, for as he faced the mate his back was to them.

The whales, whether from a whim of their own or because they had become frightened at something, started off to leeward, and were going much faster than the boats.

The whole school had taken the same notion at once, and therefore there was nothing to do but to follow them and trust to luck to pick up a straggler.

For fully an hour the chase was kept up, the whales still going at a tremendous rate, the boat holding her own, but getting no nearer to the monsters.

At the end of an hour and a half the mate reported that the whales had stopped to play.

As they came nearer and nearer the wind blew so hard that the mate was meditating the wisdom of taking in the sail and trusting to the oars, when Doublequick suddenly sprang to his feet, seized one of his harpoons and pressed his knee firmly against the chock.

"Luff a little, sir," he said, in an excited whisper. "There's a smashing big fellow just coming up. I see his wake right under us."

"Ay, ay, luff it is."

At the next instant Doublequick was alongside and drove his keen harpoon deep in the huge creature's body, putting in another, already spliced, in a twinkling.

The whale shot through the water like a flash, the line running out at a fearful rate, and our hero nearly being thrown into the bottom of the boat.

Binnacle took two turns around the loggerhead and made fast, letting the whale tow them until he should become tired.

CHAPTER III.

TOWED BY A WHALE.

As long as the whale continued going straight ahead, there was nothing to do but let him tow them and wait until he got tired.

If he should chance to go down to any moderate depth, they could give him line, and take it in again when he arose; but, at the rate he was now going, they did not dare to give him line, for fear it would run out so fast that they would not be able to get a turn with it around the bitt.

At such a rate of speed it was impossible for them to haul

up on the leviathan and put an end to his life with the lance, and, as the other boats were not liable to overtake them, they could only wait and kill the animal themselves when an opportunity should offer.

Binnacle had thrown out a drag to impede his progress, but even with that the speed was most terrific, and exceeded anything that the men had ever seen, and Binnacle was an old hand at the business.

"Let out line!" suddenly yelled Doublequick at the top of his lungs. "He's going to sound!"

Jimmy Hulk, Spank Howard and New Oakum jumped to the bitt and loosened the line, letting it run out rapidly.

As our hero had said, the whale was about to sound, and in another moment they saw his huge flukes disappear beneath the waves.

The line ran out to an immense length, using up all in one tub and drawing heavily upon that in the second.

It ceased running out after a while, and then the men took in the slack and waited for the whale to rise again.

It was now close on to sunset, and the men in the boat felt anxious and hoped that they might succeed in killing their prize before they were lost sight of by those on board the ship.

They drew in the line as rapidly as they could, the whale towing them the while, still under water, until some thirty minutes after he had gone, when Spank suddenly called out:

"There blows!"

The great creature had come to the surface to blow, and the men quickly took their oars and rowed up to him, our hero standing on the bow with his lance raised and the mate coiling up the line in the stern.

After several minutes they got near enough for the young harpooner to drive his lance deep into the whale's side, a stream of blood spurting out as the keen blade entered the flesh beneath the blubber.

Though sorely wounded, the monster lashed his tail furiously and plunged ahead, carrying the lance still sticking in his side.

The boat continued to be towed behind; and now the sun sank beneath the horizon, and the shades of night came on, rendering the position of the daring whalers more desolate.

Hulk got out the boat's lantern and, lighting it, fastened it to the stump of the mast, the sky being now overclouded, and the light, slight as it was, a grateful change.

In the course of an hour more Doublequick got near enough to strike the whale once and cause him to spout blood, though he instantly started off again, and thrashed his flukes so violently that it was not wise to approach him again for a long time.

Old Binnacle would not cut loose and return to the ship, for he declared that the whale would soon die, and that then they could wait for the vessel, which would be certain to see their lanterns.

The whale was such a big one that none of the men wanted to let him go, and they all hoped that the struggle would soon be over, and that when their prize had been brought alongside, tried out and stowed away, they could afford to laugh at their present troubles.

The night came on black and tempestuous, and before long they lost sight of the ship's lights which they had seen when it first grew dark, and still the whale refused to die, though the mate and harpooner had both given him half a dozen mortal wounds.

After receiving the last he suddenly seemed to go in a flurry, and the line began to run out rapidly.

CHAPTER IV.

ALONE IN THE OCEAN—A TERRIBLE ALTERNATIVE.

After a while the whale paused, and the harpooner, drawing up, plunged the keen lance again and again into his vitals, the water being stained with oil and blood, and the monster lashing the waves to foam in his death struggles.

With one might effort he rolled over and over in the water, snapping the line, and nearly capsizing the boat at the same time.

The lantern fell from its place and went into the sea, the boat was nearly half full of water, and the men were obliged to spring to their oars and pull for dear life.

They got beyond the influence of the swell caused by the whale's movements, but by the time they had baled the water out of the boat they were unable to see where the carcass was or to tell whether it had sunk or not.

The clouds, which had been growing blacker and blacker since dark, now began to discharge themselves, and the rain

fell in torrents, chilling the unfortunate fellows to the bone and rendering them incapable of action.

Those that had extra garments stowed away under the seats put them on.

Hulk, though he had more than he needed, kept all his clothes to himself and never offered to share with any one, although Pete was shivering with cold, having left his heavy jacket aboard the ship.

Doublequick gave him his own, as he had on warmer underclothing than the sailor, but this action made no impression on Hulk, who hugged himself as if to keep warm, and kept all his extra coats to himself.

No one had any idea how late it was, nor in what direction they were going, for Binnacle had lost his steering-oar, and the boat's rudder was not strong enough to be put on with such a sea running.

The mate seemed thoroughly depressed, and left everything to his boat-steerer, but Doublequick could not tell what to do any better than the rest, and he frankly acknowledged that fact.

"We must wait until morning," he said, "and then take our bearing. If the ship is in sight, well and good; if not, we will have to determine her probable position, and then pull in that direction."

They managed to snatch a bit of sleep during the night, how much they could not tell, and at last the morning came, bringing no relief.

A heavy fog hung all over the ocean, rendering all things invisible at a distance of two boat's lengths, so that the ship might be near them and neither they nor those on board be aware of it.

The light was not much better than that of twilight, but after a while our hero took the boat compass from its place aft, and looked at it.

As is generally the case with the compasses taken in the boats, it had not been disturbed for many months, and the dust had settled thick upon the glass, while some had worked under it.

The needle would not work readily, and Doublequick proposed to raise the glass and put the thing to rights, the mate acquiescing.

When our hero had succeeded in getting at the needle, and clearing away the dirt which clogged it, so that there was some chance of its recording their position, Hulk suddenly struck the box from his hand into the sea, exclaiming:

"That ain't no good! It lies, and I ain't goin' to trust it!"

Doublequick made a grab for the box as it struck the water, hoping even then to save it, but it sank before his eyes ere he could reach it.

At the same moment Spank Howard sprang at Hulk and pulled him off the thwart, thereby causing the man to let go of his oar, which went floating away and was soon lost to sight.

"If we wasn't all in the same box I'd chuck ye overboard," said the mate to Hulk.

They floated on all that day and all night, and when the morning came it was still foggy and dreary all over the ocean.

They had water, and just a trifle of food, the latter being divided equally among the five, though Hulk deserved none.

For four days they never saw the sun, though the fog lifted considerably upon the third day and showed them a dreary expanse of ocean, with not a sail in sight.

On the fifth day they saw the ice floating in the water around them, and far off could see what looked like huge bergs and limitless fields of the same.

On the sixth day the sun shone out warm and bright, but it afforded them little consolation, as they found themselves drifting to the south, and utterly powerless to help themselves.

Truly their situation was deplorable, and to make it more so, a devil entered the soul of Hulk and prompted him to make a proposition, which at one time all hands would have regarded with horror, but which now they were disposed to look upon as feasible.

This was nothing less than one should die that the others might live, and that they should draw lots to see who should be sacrificed.

"I protest against this," exclaimed Doublequick. "It is inhuman, it is devilish, and no good can come to us from it. I will have nothing to do with such a plan."

"Shall we draw lots?" Hulk asked.

"No," answered Spank. "You wouldn't agree to it if you drew the short slip, and you ain't goin' to come any dodges on us."

"Then it's got to be a fight," hissed the evil-minded Hulk, and drawing his sheath-knife, he sprang towards Spank.

The latter drew his own knife and stood up to defend himself, scowling defiance at Hulk.

Before they could come together, however, Doublequick caught up the bomb gun and throwing it to his shoulder, cried out, in thrilling tones:

"Stop! I will shoot the man who strikes the first blow!"

CHAPTER V.

THE BROTHER OF DOUBLEQUICK AND JACK HORNER.

It was a clear, frosty day in December, and the quaint old city of New Bedford lay bathed in sunlight, a crisp breeze from the river having chased the clouds and made the air just cold enough to be enjoyable.

A handsome young fellow of about seventeen, warmly dressed, gloved, and wearing a becoming slouched hat, stood with a young lady upon the end of one of the piers close to where one or two wharves were being fitted out for voyages to the Pacific.

One of these vessels, the T. B. Warner, named after the principal owner, was nearly in readiness to start, and it was the daughter of this gentleman with whom the young man was conversing.

This was Louis Gilbert, the brother of Doublequick, and a particular favorite of Miss Lena's, though the wealthy ship owner looked with considerable disfavor upon his attentions.

Not that he objected to the young man's character in any way, for Louis was highly spoken of by all whose good opinion he cared for, but he did not fancy that any young man should be attentive to his daughter unless he possessed a large bank account.

While the two were talking together pleasantly, their having met being more by accident than design, they did not observe a skulking figure, that of a young man of Louis' age, hovering near them and watching them with an evil eye.

Suddenly Louis saw an old acquaintance of his working at some distance, with whom he was very anxious to speak, and excusing himself, he ran off, Lena promising to wait until his return.

When he had departed, the boy who had been watching the pair sauntered up and said impudently:

"I'll tell your father, see if I don't."

"About what, Mr. Jack Horner?"

Meeting that young chap on the wharves. I know all about it—he, he, he!"

As he giggled at his own supposedly funny remark, he danced up and down upon the wharf and made faces at the young lady, repeating the sentence two or three times.

Jack Horner was an outcast among the boys of his own age, none of them liking him on account of his mean, sneaking, contemptible ways, and he had been promised more than one thrashing if he did not mend.

He was thievish and deceitful, cowardly and treacherous, and would tell lies of any magnitude for the sake of hurting any one he had a spite against, so that the manly, straightforward boys of the town all hated and despised him.

"I'll tell your father," Jack said again to the young girl. "He don't know you meet Louis Gilbert on the sly. He'll give you a pretty scolding, see if he don't."

"If you dare say anything to him about me, good or bad, I'll tell all the boys, and they'll give you the worst pounding you ever had in your life."

"They can't lick me for all that. I can get away with any six of 'em. Tell you what I'll do. Give me a kiss, and I won't say nothing about your courtin' on the sly."

"I will not."

"Then I'll make you."

He seized the girl by the waist and was about to pollute her lovely lips with kisses, when he was grabbed by the collar and pulled rudely away.

Then the toe of a stout walking boot was applied most vigorously to the seat of his trousers, and a gloved hand came against the side of his head with a force that nearly staggered him.

Louis Gilbert had come up and interfered most summarily with Jack Horner's little arrangements, that individual having no idea that the boy was anywhere near.

"Just let me catch you insulting this young lady again, Jack Horner, and I'll give you something to remember me by. I promised to give you a licking some time ago, and now you're going to get it."

Jack did get it, indeed, for Louis shook him as a dog would shake a rat, and boxed his ears till they rang again, at the

same time not sparing his kicks, but warming the young scamp's breeches well for him.

Then he released the contemptible fellow, giving him a parting kick, and Jack, darting off, seized a stone with which to hit Louis.

The boy bounded forward and Jack retreated, but in his hurry he did not look to see where he was going, and in a minute he had fallen off the end of the dock into the cold water of the river.

He went down out of sight at once, presently coming up puffing and blowing, but as Louis knew that he could swim, he did not bother himself about the young rascal, but walked toward the vessel owned by Mr. Warner, Lena desiring to see the latest additions to it.

As they walked up the gangplank they saw the owner standing on deck in a position that commanded the entire scene of the late encounter.

"What made you push that boy into the water?" demanded the man in a severe tone. "That was not a gentlemanly thing to do."

"I did not, sir. He tumbled in while running away. He was going to throw a stone at me. I had already thrashed him for his impudence."

"I saw you abusing him, and I think it is a great shame. He is smaller than you are, and not as strong."

"I was only giving him the punishment he deserved for his insulting language to this young lady, sir. If you call that abusing him, I shall do it every time he repeats the insult, provided he has not already received a lesson that he will profit by."

Then he touched his hat and walked away, catching sight of the dripping form of Jack Horner just going up School street, though of course he did not hear the threats that the latter uttered against him.

CHAPTER VI.

YOUNG DOUBLEQUICK AND THE HORNERS.

Jack Horner lived at some distance from the piers, but his father kept an outfitter's store on the street not far from where he was at present, and thither he went to dry himself.

Old Horner was a money-lender, ship owner, outfitter and general scamp, and was known to all the sailors by the pet appellation of "Shark Horner," there being land sharks as well as water sharks.

Horner was an active member of the "Society for the Enlightenment of Benighted Seamen," and held a pew in one of the richest churches, but, for all that, he never scrupled at charging three times the value of an article, and putting items upon sailors' bills which they had never had.

He was very round-shouldered, and thrust his head forward in a prying sort of a way which was most disagreeable, his nose being sharp, his eyes small and deep-set, and his mouth constantly half-opened by a sneaking kind of smile.

Jack went to his father's store, and as ill-luck would have it, the old reprobate was present, getting an outfit ready for a poor Portuguese who had no idea of the real value of things.

"Here is a bill on the owners," old Horner was saying; "just sign it now for the sake of convenience, and I'll give you the amount in a moment. I haven't figured it up yet."

The unsuspecting "Gee" signed his name, Manuel Joaquin Scott, and then, before he had time to think of the amount to be filled in, he was hurried away to the whaling vessel, from which he would not again take his leave until they had reached Talcahuana, or some other Pacific port.

This gave Mr. Horner a chance to fill in as large an amount as his conscience chose to suggest.

"What got ye so wet?" demanded Horner, Sr., of his son, having hustled off the poor Portuguese.

"That young Gilbert pushed me off the dock, and I wasn't doin' nothin'."

"He did, did he?" growled the old man. "He's too spunky, that lad is. He wants to be taken down. Aha, there he is now, passing the store. I'll let him know that he can't abuse my son with impunity."

The old rascal ran out, and rushing in front of Louis, who was on his way home, said:

"What d'ye mean by pushing my son into the river?"

"I did not push him in, and if he says so he lies; and if he does again what he did this afternoon I will push him in and make no bones about it."

The boy's blood was up, as he was still suffering from the shock occasioned by Mr. Warner's unjust words, and he did not care what he said, but it would have been better had he not expressed himself so plainly to the old rascal.

"You'll pay for this, you pup!" Horner screamed, dancing around like a man stung by hornets. "You'll pay for this, and dearly, too! I am not to be insulted by every brat that walks the street!"

"Don't trouble yourself," answered Louis; "and you can tell Jack that if I catch him at any more of his nonsense I'll give him another thrashing."

Then he walked away, and Horner returned to the store and gave Jack a regular blowing up, not for lying, but for getting whipped.

In the evening Horner and his son were closeted together for a long time, and when they parted there was a smile of deep satisfaction as well as malignant hate upon both their faces.

Louis went home to his mother and told her what had happened, there being a perfect confidence between them, and though the good woman could not help but smile at her son's graphic description of the affair, she was troubled more than she dared say, and heartily wished that it had not happened.

That night Louis was suddenly awakened by a strange feeling that there was a thief in the house, and springing out of bed, he drew on his trousers and ran into the hall.

He heard a noise below, and then the door was slammed violently, and running quickly downstairs and into the dining-room, he saw a dark figure leaping from the window.

He had no weapon, and there was no light, so that he could neither detain nor recognize the culprit, but quickly unbolting the door, he rushed out and gave chase.

The person, whether man or boy he was unable to tell, had by that time gained considerable headway, and presently dodged up a narrow lane, from which others led off in various directions.

Louis knew that there was no chance of catching the thief, and so he returned to the house, and lighting a candle, saw that his mother's private desk had been broken into and several important papers stolen, among them the agreement signed by old Horner.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CASTAWAYS AND THEIR FORTUNES.

"I will shoot the first man that strikes!"

This was what Doublequick had said to the two angry seamen in the boat, who, with drawn knives, were about to fall upon each other.

The words rang sharp and clear, and there was no mistaking their meaning.

The two men looked at him, and then Hulk returned his knife to its sheath and sat down again, a sulky, morose look upon his face.

Spank put away his knife and sat down well forward, saying:

"You're right, Doublequick. It'll never do for us to go back on each other. We ought to stand by the crew, and not make our state worse than it is."

At that moment Binnacle aroused himself and asked for a swallow of water, and on being told there was none, covered his head with his hands and sank back again into an uneasy slumber.

The ice had grown thicker about them, and not far ahead they could see glistening fields of it, with here and there a high peak which reflected the rays of the sun in the most dazzling manner.

Spencer had said but little for some time, seeming to be engaged in whittling, a favorite pastime of his.

He was carving something upon the handle of his oar, cutting deep and carefully.

Doublequick looked over Spencer's shoulder and saw these words carved upon the wood:

"Boat of Skipper's Bride lost. South Pacific. Five men yet alive. Fred Gilbert, Jim Hulk, Spanker Howard, Bill Bin——"

He was thus making a record of their loss to be confided to the waves, and perchance to be picked up by some vessel.

Even though it failed of its object, his work deserved the greatest credit, and Doublequick smiled sadly when he realized what was being done, having no hope, and yet thinking better of the man for his forethought.

"Let me do some of it, Spencer," he said; "your arm must be tired, and it is necessary that the work be well done and quickly, too."

Spencer gladly relinquished the work, knowing that Doublequick would do it fully as well as he could himself, and our hero soon had the name of the mate finished, and had added those of Spencer living, and Ned Oakum dead.

He then added these words, carving them with great neat-

ness and in a manner to prevent the letters being broken off. "Drifting tow'd Ant. Cont. Long. 40 W. fr'm G'wich. Heaven help us and send relief."

"How are we going to distinguish this oar, so that it will be noticed? No ship will take the trouble to lower a boat for an oar," suggested Spank.

"I've got a red shirt," said Spencer. "I'll tear up the sleeves into long strips and tie them around the shaft oar. That will attract attention."

This plan was put into execution, and nearly one-half of the upper part of the oar was tightly bound around with red flannel, which made it look most conspicuous.

The ends were securely fastened to prevent their unwinding, and by this time night had fallen, though the moon shone with great brilliancy.

The ice often drifted close to them, and Doublequick suggested that they chip off bits with their knives and try to assuage their thirst by that means.

A considerable quantity of the cleanest ice was broken up and put into a boat bucket, when, as fast as it melted, the water was strained through flannel and poured into two boat kegs, which were filled to the top and carefully plugged, each holding about three gallons.

They could exist without food much longer than without water, and this was happily supplied, the next thing being to obtain food if possible and then shelter.

"How do we know, if we cast this oar into the sea here, that it will not drift in the same direction we ourselves are going?" asked Spencer.

"We don't know it yet," answered Doublequick, "and I think we had better not cast it away until we reach the land. Suppose we pull a while. We shall soon reach the field ice, and then we shall have to land."

"A good idea, for I am awfully cold," observed Spank. "With all our extra clothing we have not enough to keep us warm."

The three comrades were the only ones who could or would pull, Hulk showing the same morose and silent spirit that he had done all along, and the mate, though awake, being utterly powerless to do anything.

Doublequick, Spank and Spencer were the only ones to row, therefore, and though they were weak from loss of food, they did their best, and made considerable progress.

To be brief, they reached the limit of the ocean, as far as safety was concerned, at about noon, and getting out drew the boat upon the ice, Hulk and Binnacle offering no assistance whatever.

Suddenly Doublequick uttered a loud cry, and seizing the gun, dashed off towards a spot where there seemed to be a hole in the ice and some dark spot or substance resting near it.

"Don't shoot!" cried Spank, quickly, "don't shoot! Hit him on the head!"

What Doublequick had seen was a seal, and Spank, who had been a sealman for many years, knew that it was better to kill the animals quietly than to alarm them with a loud noise.

Doublequick obeyed the injunction, and he presently returned, dragging across the ice the body of a fine fat seal, which was as much as he could manage.

The seal was quickly skinned and cut up, the flesh being eaten raw, as they had no fire at present with which to cook it.

Then they started out, after having aroused Binnacle, and made him eat and drink, and sit in the boat.

His spirits revived somewhat, although he was still too much cast down to be his old jolly self, and his face was as long and sober as any deacon's.

The three comrades left him and traveled several miles, having the good fortune not only to find and kill several seals, but to discover land in the same distance, beyond the field of ice, and they returned to their former officer, joyous in spirits, refreshed by food, and hopeful for the future.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CASTAWAYS DISCOVER A CAVE.

The first night was spent upon the ice under the shelter of the boat, which was turned bottom up, and further protected by the seal skins which they had secured in the afternoon.

Hulk was not with them, however, nothing having been seen of him since the time of landing upon the ice, though it was likely that he had found some shelter, for otherwise he must have perished.

When morning dawned the four friends started out toward the land, dragging the boat after them, the smoothness of the ice making the task a comparatively easy one.

They left the ice at the end of three or four hours, and were rejoiced to find land once more, though it was barren and deserted.

Doublequick and his companions went to the top of a high cliff, overlooking the water at a point where the ice did not extend close in to shore, and prepared to hurl the oar, with its all-important message, into the water.

He raised the oar high in the air and sent it flying toward the water, which it struck sharp and clear, disappearing instantly and coming up a few minutes later, a long distance away.

"Now to look out for a house," said Doublequick; and as they turned to descend, Spank caught his foot in a crack in the rock and fell.

He quickly picked himself up, however, and then it was seen that his accident had been a lucky one, as he had thereby discovered a cave, the existence of which might otherwise have never been revealed to them.

The fissure into which he had thrust his foot extended to a considerable depth, and by putting his ear down after dropping a stone through he could hear its fall at some distance.

Having discovered that there was a cave, the next thing to do was to find a way into it other than by the top, for upon scraping away what little soil and moss there was, the aperture had been widened sufficiently to admit a man's body.

Doublequick at once decided to go in at the top and search the place for an outlet; and the line was brought up to the top of the hill and made fast around our hero's body, his friends preparing to lower him.

He must have a light, and as the boat's lantern had been lost, he must look to other sources for it. Presently, crying aloud gleefully:

"I have it! You've got the fat of the seals killed yesterday. Cut off a length of rope, say a fathom, and unlay one end for about six inches or a foot and soak it thoroughly in the fat—tie on some of the blubber as well, and then light it."

After making a couple of good torches, as Doublequick had suggested, Spank gathered a quantity of dry moss which he found on the rocks, and lighting one match very carefully, soon had the pile in a blaze.

Then Doublequick lit his torch and was lowered into the cave, through a sort of flue or chimney, twelve or fifteen feet long, thence out into the cave proper.

He found it to be high, though not large, the floor flat and smooth, the width being about fifteen feet, and the length more than three times that.

The place was dry, and could easily be warmed and supplied with sealskin couches, so the next thing to do was to find an outlet.

The line was long enough to allow him to walk about, but, after having marked the place so that he would know it, he gave the signal to be drawn up once more.

Upon descending they found the cave entrance, though not without some difficulty, and at once proceeded to make the place fit for human habitation.

In the course of three or four days they had procured skins enough to provide them all with warm suits of clothes, which they at once proceeded to make up.

The cave was fitted up with a fire-place, where a perpetual flame was kept burning; the men were provided with couches of fur at the sides. Binnacle had knocked together a rude table, where they ate their meals; a door was made to the cave entrance, and liberal quantities of food salted down for winter use.

The salting was really drying in the sun, and then packing away in ice near the cave, our friends knowing that meat thus put away would keep for years, provided it remained frozen.

There was no way of reckoning time accurately, but some time early in December, as far as they could ascertain, the castaways awoke one morning to find that winter had set in beyond a doubt.

As far as they could see extended the ice, the ocean locked in its embrace, the glittering snow covered everything to a depth of many feet, the sky was dull and leaden, the air keen and piercing, and a prospect of several months to elapse before milder weather.

Hulk had not come to the cave all this time, though he had been seen occasionally, but how he lived no one knew, as no one cared to follow him alone, and the whole party never met him.

CHAPTER IX.

BAD NEWS—LOUIS GILBERT IN TROUBLE.

The whole city of New Bedford was startled the next morning, that which succeeded the robbing at the Gilberts, by the following notice among the shipping news of the Mercury:

"LOST AT SEA.—A letter from Captain William Merriweather, of the yhaling ship Skipper's Bride, of this port, dated at Talashnana, states that on the fifteenth of October last they lowered for whales, being then considerably to the south of the parallel of fifty degrees, south latitude. The mate, Mr. Binnacle, was the first to fasten on, and was towed until after dark, being then lost sight of. Search was made in the neighborhood during the night and for several days without success, and it is believed the boat was lost, as two of the oars were found, and what are supposed to be fragments of the boat, the mast and portions of the sail.

"Captain Merriweather has no doubt whatever that the whale struck the boat, and that all hands perished, or if not that, the storm of the next morning caught and swamped them. In the boat were the mate, and his boat-steerer, Fred Gilbert, of New Bedford, and four seamen, one colored."

Here followed the names of the sailors, and all necessary particulars, besides the many reasons which led Captain Merriweather to conclude the men had been lost beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Louis was on his way downtown when he met a friend of his who told him the news, Louis not having seen the paper that morning, and he at once purchased one and returned home.

He broke the dreadful tidings as gently as he could, so as not to cause his mother too great a shock, and had just succeeded in calming her when old Horner walked in, entirely unannounced.

"I have come for the balance due on the house," he said, abruptly.

"You will have to wait. If you have not heard the news your coming is excusable, perhaps, but otherwise it is not."

"What in time do you mean?"

"My brother Fred is reported lost at sea."

"I know that, and it's on that very account that I came around."

"It is not proven that he is lost."

"I want my money, anyway."

"You agreed to wait till he came home."

"Who told you I did?"

"You signed an agreement to that effect."

"You are mistaken. I never signed such an agreement in my life."

"But you did," persisted the lady, mildly.

"But I tell you I didn't," snapped the old rascal. "I never heard of it till this moment. I never make such agreements."

"You don't if you can help it," retorted Louis; "but this time you were pinned down to it, and luckily, too."

"I've had all the impudence from you that I'm going to stand, you young whelp," growled the man, "and if the money ain't paid in by this noon you and your mother will have to go."

"We have already paid all but a small portion of the value of the house, and surely ought not to lose that," said Mrs. Gilbert.

"You haven't paid a cent on it," snapped the other. "You've just been living here for nothing, and now you've got to get out."

"You lie and you know it!" said Louis, angry enough to strike the old villain. "Why, when you came in just now you said you wanted the balance that was due."

The man was caught in his own trap, and knew he would be obliged to own up. He had intended, if possible, to get the whole sum, but he was cornered in more ways than one, as we shall presently see.

"Show me the receipt, if you have got it so fine," he said, sneeringly.

Mrs. Gilbert hunted through her desk, but could not find the paper in any part of it.

"A thief broke in last night and stole several important papers, and this was doubtless among the rest."

"Hold up," said Louis, and going to the window whence he had seen the thief escaping, he raised it and looked out.

There were several bushes and shrubs in front of it, and these had been torn and broken by the thief's sudden exit.

Louis looked on the ground at the foot of the shrubbery, and saw something white lying there.

It was a bunch of papers tied up with red tape.

He reached down his hand and drew the papers in, handing them to his mother, who quickly looked them over and gave one to Louis, who said:

"There is your receipt, Mr. Horner, just as I told you."

"Well, I want the balance."

"When my brother comes home."

"I must have it now."

"You can't. The agreement prevents."

"Where is it? Ha! ha! You haven't got it!" for he was sharp enough to read the answer in the boy's face.

"Whether I have or not, we have had quite enough of you, so clear out."

Horner took the hint and departed, muttering threats of vengeance, but Louis only laughed at them, and banged the door pretty close upon the old man's heels.

"Oh, Louis, my boy," said his mother, when the old skinflint had gone, "you must not vex him; he is capable of doing us considerable injury."

"I know he has the heart, mother, but I shall block his game. Do you know that I sometimes don't believe that Fred is dead?"

"I cannot share your hopeful feelings, my boy, and it would be better for you to resign yourself to the worst, and not raise false hopes which will only be blasted."

"At any rate, mother, the present trouble must be overcome. The important paper is missing, and I believe that was what the thief wanted."

"Who could it have been?"

"I don't know; but if old Horner didn't have something to do with it, then I am very much mistaken."

"He could not be so wicked."

"He couldn't? You don't know him, mother dear. He is mad at me, and will take any revenge he can, but I'll stop his nonsense pretty quick."

"What are you going to do?"

"Call on Mr. Cook, the lawyer. He is our friend, and will see that you are protected from this rascal."

On his way to the lawyer's he suddenly met Mr. Warner, in company with one of the constables of the town.

He was about to nod pleasantly to the gentleman, having got over the irritation of the day before, when Mr. Warner stopped him by holding out a soft hat and saying:

"Perhaps you will explain how this came in the hall of my house?"

"In your house?"

"Yes. There was a robbery there last night, and the thief, upon being surprised, fled, leaving this hat behind. Mr. Constable, take this boy in charge."

"For what?" demanded Louis.

"Burglary. Search him, Mr. Officer!"

The officer looked bewildered, but Louis said indignantly:

"I knew you did not like me, Mr. Warner, but I did not think you considered me a thief. I will go to Mr. Cook, the lawyer, and be searched, if you like, for I am not afraid to undergo the test before a friend. You are the first man, however, who has ever doubted my honesty."

Mr. Cook, the lawyer, was very much surprised when Louis told why they had called, and he assured both the constable and Mr. Warner that there was not a more honest boy in the whole city than Louis.

The latter at once proceeded to turn out his pockets, when to his intense surprise and mortification he displayed an empty leather pocketbook, which the ship-owner at once identified as his, showing his name written upon a band in the inside.

"How did you come by this, my lad?" asked the lawyer, kindly.

"I do not know. I never saw it before in all my life."

"Falsehood will do you no good," said Mr. Warner. "Officer, take the prisoner to the lock-up. I will make a formal charge this afternoon."

CHAPTER X.

MORE NEWS FROM DOUBLEQUICK.

"There is no necessity of locking my client up," interposed Mr. Cook. "I will be responsible for him."

"You seem to take a great interest in this young man," said Mr. Warner, loftily.

"Because I believe him innocent. Besides, unless you get out a warrant for his arrest you cannot lock him up to await

your pleasure. This is not Russia, my good sir, but the United States of America."

"Well, really," replied the ship-owner, to whom it was a new experience to have his will opposed. "Didn't we take him with the property upon his person?"

Louis was about to make some reply when the lawyer checked him, saying:

"Leave it to me, my boy; I will bring you out all right. Do you wish to make a charge against him, sir?" addressing the merchant. "If so, we will go with you at once to Judge Copeland."

When this straightforward question was put to him the purse-proud merchant began to waver, for in his secret soul he did not believe the boy guilty, though he was willing enough to cause him the annoyance of being locked up in the station-house for several hours.

Lawyer Cook had a good reputation in New Bedford, and if any one could clear Louis from suspicion he was the man, and Warner knew that it would hurt him to make a false charge against the lad and have him proved innocent.

People who knew of Louis' liking for Dora Warner would call it a persecution, for it would have been as hard to convince a judge and jury that Louis was a thief as to make them believe the sun rose in the West.

"If he will restore the money which has been taken from this pocketbook, I will withdraw the charge, considering his reputable character," said Mr. Warner, endeavoring to back down as gracefully as possible.

"I cannot restore it, because I never had it, and don't know anything about it," answered Louis, hotly. "Some one is trying to ruin me, and I think I can guess who."

"Who is it?"

"I don't care to state."

Mr. Cook spoke aside to the lad for a few moments, and then said:

"My client does not mean you, Mr. Warner, though your mistaken zeal in this matter might cause him considerable injury."

"There is certainly every evidence to show that he is the thief. The hat, the wallet—"

"Excuse me, but would you be pleased to hear what I have to say? I think we can settle this affair here and now. I don't suppose you would care to be sued for damages for malicious prosecution?"

This thrust went home and cut deep, for the man had really felt a good deal of satisfaction in making a charge against a poor boy who had dared to look upon his daughter with the eyes of affection.

To tell the honest truth, he had chuckled over the idea of having the son of the respectable Widow Gilbert locked up, even if he might be proved innocent afterwards.

He was not a bad man, though he was inordinately proud and selfish, and could not brook the slightest opposition to his will, making molehills into mountains in fact, and exciting opposition where, if he had kept quiet, there would have been none.

The lawyer's question showed him the danger of remaining upon untenable ground too long for his own safety, and he saw that he must retreat.

"If you can satisfy me that your client, as you call him, is innocent, I will make no charge against him. Your championship certainly gives him an importance which he did not before possess."

Paying no attention to this intended-to-be satirical remark, Mr. Cook replied:

"The house occupied by Mrs. Gilbert and her son was robbed last night, and several papers of great importance to them were taken. Might not the thief who did them this injury also desire to do them further harm by trying to throw the guilt of this other robbery upon them?"

"How do you know that they may not have robbed themselves?"

"Your question is an insult, sir. Louis was at home all the evening, as can be proved. When was your house robbed?"

"At half-past twelve."

"Just half an hour after I returned from chasing the thief," said Louis; "and at that time I was talking to mother and looking over the rooms to see what had been taken. I know that was the time, because the factory bell struck the half hour while we were still up."

"Do you desire to make a charge?" asked the lawyer.

"No. While I do not really believe the lad strictly innocent, the weight of the evidence appears to be in his favor, and there would be no use of going to the expense of a trial under those circumstances."

There are some men who will go out of their way to say a cutting remark and give a gratuitous hurt to one's feelings, Mr. Warner being one of that sort.

Having uttered this bitter speech, he turned upon his heel and left the office for his own quarters downtown, Louis darting a glance of contempt at him as he went out.

"The young upstart has too many friends for me," muttered Warner, as he walked down the street. "He isn't so bad, but I'm not going to have any young man being attentive to my daughter who hasn't got at least a hundred thousand dollars."

"The miserable money-bag," said Louis. "He thinks because he is wealthy that he can do anything he chooses. When I become of age I'll marry Dora, if she will have me, whether he likes it or not."

The lawyer laughed, and then Louis asked:

"What am I going to do about old Horner? He will make us considerable trouble, I am afraid."

"Leave him to me. I will settle his case."

"And if I meet Jack I will do the same for him, the young vagabond. He is none too good to have committed the robbery himself."

Two days after that Mr. Cook gave him Horner's receipt in full for the price of the house, which relieved them from all further trouble.

"You have paid this money yourself," said Louis. "You are really too kind, for how do you ever expect I will pay it?"

"Take your time, my lad. Better be in my debt than in that old codger's. If your brother returns he will see that I get the money."

"But if he does not?"

"Then I will wait. In the meantime I have been speaking to a merchant in Boston, who is going to open a branch of his wholesale business here. Do you think you could take charge of it, with a little assistance?"

"I can try. You know I like a mercantile business better than anything else, but I still lack experience."

"He will give you all the assistance you require until you become accustomed to the business."

"But do you think he will take me? I am young and have no references."

"Excuse me, my boy, you have plenty of references. You will go to work on the books at first, and afterwards attend to buying and selling stock when you know more of the routine of the concern."

"But will he take me?"

"He has already agreed to do so, upon my recommendation."

"When shall I see him?"

"To-morrow. He is not quite ready to begin operations yet, and may not do so for a month. Your salary, however, will begin at once."

"Has that been fixed also, as well as everything else?"

"It will be six hundred dollars for the first year, and after that will be increased according to how you have got along."

"That's immense," said Louis, with a merry laugh. "We will be able to get on nicely with that until Fred returns."

"You think he will, then?"

"I have not given up all hope, and I shall not until I know positively that he is dead."

Louis spent the time which ensued before he went to work in learning all he could about the business, so that when he should enter upon his new duties he should not be utterly ignorant of what was required of him.

By the middle of February he had made such rapid progress that the business had already greatly improved, and one of Mr. Warner's friends said to the gentleman, with a laugh:

"That boy is bound to have your daughter, and is going to work the right way to do it. If you don't look out he will be richer than you are in ten years."

"Well, I always rather liked him," returned the two-faced merchant, "and the only thing I had against him was his lack of money. However, we'll wait and see how long this thing lasts."

Just at this time news was received which startled the old town, and made Louis fairly wild with excitement.

This was no less than the report of the finding of an oar, wrapped about with red flannel to make it conspicuous, upon which was carved the names of the men supposed to have been lost from the Skipper's Bride.

"Didn't I tell you that there was hope?" said Louis. "I knew it—I knew it. Doublequick is alive and in need of help. I am going to find him."

"You?" said Mr. Cook.

"Yes. This, above all, is my duty, and I shall do it!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE CASTAWAYS AT HOME.

All around the snow lay thick and white, covering everything with a glittering mantle, which sparkled and glistened during the brief time the sun shone, and at night made all the landscape look gray and mysterious.

In the rock-built habitation, so luckily found by Doublequick, was gathered the little party of castaways, one night in January, talking over their affairs.

Their light consisted of a lamp, the oil of which was supplied by the fat of the seals they had caught, with a cotton wick made by tearing strips from the jumpers they had worn in the boat, such articles being of no use now, as nothing was worn except fur, and the fire was built of driftwood and the stunted bushes which grew in this strange land.

Since they had been in this cave they had made it quite habitable, their bunks being very warm and comfortable, their house itself, being now almost entirely under the snow, as comfortable as they could desire, and their larder being well supplied, the few resources having been most carefully farmed.

They had gathered a large quantity of eggs, which they kept frozen until wanted, and which when roasted made an excellent repast, besides which they had the meat of seals and of various aquatic birds, dried and salted, and a quantity of edible moss, very like that on which the residents of Lapland thrive so well.

Their larder could not, perhaps, furnish a menu like that of a first-class hotel, where one gets his sixteen-course dinners, but they were in no danger of starving, and considering all things got along exceedingly well.

The upper entrance of the cavern, through which Doublequick had first made his way, was now covered entirely over with snow, though it afforded a good escape for the smoke and hot air.

The main entrance to the place was kept clear of snow, and the castaways went out every day for exercises, no matter how stormy or how cold the weather was, for it was absolutely necessary that their blood should be kept in good condition in order that they might be able to stand the rigors of a winter in these high latitudes and not perish from the cold.

Their clothing, though rudely made, was close and warm, their boots, mittens, coats, trousers and hoods being of seal-skin, strongly sewed and lined inside with down, being as comfortable garments as one could put on.

They had no reading matter, which was certainly a great loss, as a man of even ordinary intellect can take a vast amount of comfort from reading when he has nothing to occupy his hands, and a good book will often prevent a vast amount of mischief; but this want was supplied to a large extent by Binnacle, who was as full of stories as the Sultan Scheherizade in the Arabian tale.

The worthy man was always unlucky in one respect, however, and this was that he never was able to finish a story when he began it, as it invariably happened that something occurred to interrupt him just when he had reached the culminating point, the strange part of the matter being that it was never done by design, but always by accident.

He was indefatigable, however, and always started a yarn when all hands were present, as upon the occasion in question, even though he knew that he was sure to be interrupted before he got through.

"It is very strange that we have seen nothing of Hulk all this time," said Doublequick. "He must be alive or we would certainly have run across his body."

"Or he's hidden himself away in some hole, and only comes out at night," said Spencer. "We're just as well off without him."

"But he's not well off without us, I fancy; I don't see how he manages to live all alone so."

"Never mind him, Doublequick," answered Spank. "He's an ugly customer, and we should have no end of trouble with him. He always was morose and sullen, and is never happy unless miserable, though that sounds like a contradiction."

"Don't let's talk about him, anyhow," was Spencer's remark. "I tell you he's a hard subject, and the less we have to do with him the better."

"Talking of hard subjects," spoke up Binnacle, "reminds me of one time when I was off in the Indian Ocean, cruising around. My word! how the wind does howl outside! Poke up the fire, Spank, my boy, it's cold weather now, and we've got to keep ourselves warm."

"Well, as I was saying, we was cruisin' in the Indian Ocean, and a water-spout struck us and nearly drowned us."

"Why, we had rain steady for a week, and goin' a good five knots to the hour all the time, the spout was such a big one. The decks was all washed so clean that we didn't have to touch 'em for a month after that, though it was rough on the sails and rotted 'em all to pieces, fresh water being bad, you know, for duck."

"Fresh? Why, there was so much rain just from that water-spout, that we only had to hang a joint of salt meat out on the yard-arm for half an hour, and it was just as good as though it had just been killed."

"One bad thing about it was that it washed all the tar out of the seams, and I believe if we had managed to strike a little bigger spout that we should have been washed clean away; we would certainly, if it had kept up much longer."

"We tried firing cannons at it, but, good gosb! we couldn't p'int the muzzles up a second before the rain would soak the powder and put out the fuse. So we had to give up that plan."

"All our oil-skins were soaked through, and we got horrible colds, which we wouldn't have done if it had been salt water, as you know, I s'pose. 'Sides that, it rained so hard that all the cordage got so taut that it raked the masts over terrible and we was took for a pirate. They always have rakin' masts, you know."

"Where is the hard subject coming in?" asked Spank.

"You red-headed son of a porpoise-bellied sea-cook, ain't the rain the subject o' my yarn, and wasn't it a hard one? Just you keep your hash grinders closed and don't interrupt, and I'll tell you when the hard subject comes in."

"The rain was over at last, of course, though I thought before it was gone that we should have a cold drawing of all the tea in the hold, and hot water is the only stuff for tea, you know, as the owner's daughter said to me."

"I had to be mighty careful o' that young woman, for her father, the owner of the tea clipper which I was then captain of, after having been promoted by my great bravery and daring in sinking fourteen Chinese junks which had surrounded us, had warned me that if anything happened to his child, he would skin me alive."

"I thought we should hear from the China tea clipper and that young woman before we got through," whispered Spank to Spencer, and then both men indulged in a broad grin.

"We was bound for Pondisberry from Singapore," continued Binnacle, "and was passing through Torres Straits when we met—"

"How the deuce did you get to Pondisberry if you were a tea clipper?" asked Spank.

"Never you mind. We did, and that's enough. Well, as we was goin' through Torres Straits an Englishman came along and swore he was going to board us and take off any of his countrymen that we had aboard."

"I swore that he wouldn't, and then he began peppering us with hot shot, but I didn't care for that, and I peppered back till I'd shot away all his sails and he was at the mercy of the wind and waves."

"I hadn't got rid of him by all means, for he impressed a lot of Malays into his service, and they took their shirts and sewed them up in a jiffy for sails and hoisted them."

"Notwithstanding the first-class condition of my own sails," here Spank gave Spencer a wink, "the beggar hauled up to me, and though I let drive with my brass swivel gun, fore an aft, it wasn't no use, for they came alongside in less than no time."

"They scrambled all over the decks, and was about rushing down into the cabin where the young lady was concealed. I was bound that nothing should happen to her, and so I resolved on a desperate plan."

"Seizing a lighted torch, made of pine knots soaked in elephants' oil, I rushed to the powder magazine, and yelling out at the tip-top of my lungs, told the yaller rascals that unless they got out I would—"

"Hark!" said Doublequick, suddenly. "Some one is calling for help."

"Who on earth can it be in this desolate place?" said Spank.

"Let us go out and see," Doublequick replied, getting up and drawing on his fur hood, mittens and boots. "No one shall call in vain upon us such a night as this."

All hands went out, leaving Binnacle alone, he remarking: "Another good story gone to thunder, and just as I reached the crisis."

CHAPTER XII.

THE SURVIVOR OF SHIPWEECK—HULK AGAIN.

Doublequick was the first man to reach the outside of the cave, though he was quickly followed by the others, Bill Bin-

nacle excepted, that veracious narrator remaining inside to conceal his chagrin.

As the party came into the open air they heard that cry for help once more, and looking in the direction whence it proceeded, Doublequick saw a man, clad in furs, lying upon the snow, evidently exhausted.

He ran at once to the poor fellow, and, with the help of Spank, raised him to his feet and supported him in his strong arms, the man seeming scarcely able to stand.

Contrary to expectation, it was not Hulk whom they had rescued, but a total stranger, evidently a German by his looks, though he had spoken in English and now uttered his thanks briefly in the same language, though with a strong Teutonic accent.

Doublequick glanced hastily around and observed many things which he did not speak of at that time, being occupied in getting the man within doors, so to speak.

When they had brought the fellow inside they chafed his hands and feet, gave him something warm to drink, placing him not too near the fire, and then our hero asked him a few questions concerning his name and how he happened to be in this forlorn region all alone.

His name was Carl Petersen, he said, and he was a Swede. He had been wrecked with several of his companions many miles from his present place, the vessel having been nipped by the ice and the crew being obliged to abandon her.

He and his companions had taken to the ice, and had endeavored to find some shelter or another from the rude blasts, but with the exception of himself all had perished from the cold.

He had been many days alone, and had only been saved from death by burrowing deep in the snow and letting it drift all over him, an experiment often adopted by the Esquimaux of the North and by many travelers in frigid zones.

He had seen smoke issuing from the top of a hill, he said, and knowing that there were no volcanoes recorded in the Antarctic continent, having traveled much himself and being acquainted with many interesting facts concerning the high latitudes of both the northern and southern hemispheres, he had formed the conclusion that he must be near the dwelling of some party of shipwrecked mariners.

He had set out in the direction whence he had seen the smoke, but the distance was greater than he supposed, and long before the time when he thought he ought to reach the place he had sunk exhausted.

He was gratified to find that the cave had two exits, and he attributed it solely to Providence that he had been heard and was not permitted to die alone and without succor, as so many of his poor comrades had done.

In conclusion he said that the name of his vessel was the Bjornstjern, or the Bear Star, a Norwegian vessel, though most of the officers and crew were Swedes, and that her mission in these parts was to discover the South Pole.

The captain had, contrary to the entreaties of his crew, remained too long in the Southern seas, and at last, when persuaded to return to a warmer climate, had been caught by the pack ice and was the first to perish.

The vessel, he said, was about half a dozen leagues to the north, and enough of it was left to furnish material for building a boat in which to return when the ice should break up in the spring, and in the morning, or at their convenience, he would guide his preservers to the spot, which he thought he could readily find.

His story seemed plausible enough, and was readily believed, although Doublequick had observed many points which he did not like, although he did not mention them to his companions.

After all hands had gone to sleep he took the measure of the stranger's seal boots, and then, without making any noise, went outside, where the stars were shining in great brilliancy, and the air was keen and biting, there being scarcely a breath of wind, the snow lying smooth and undisturbed all around.

There had been a light fall in the afternoon, and in this, which had not yet frozen too hard, were the footprints of himself and companions made when they had gone out in answer to the call for help.

The imprint of Petersen's body was clearly seen in the snow, and approaching it were the tracks he had made previous to having fallen.

Doublequick followed these, rapidly and cautiously, for some distance, speaking to himself as he went.

"As I thought, there are more traces than Petersen's though they don't go as far as his do. I suspected that the man was not alone and that he was playing a part.

"His exhaustion was overdone, and he moved too quickly for a man that was so nearly used up as he pretended. Aha! here

are more tracks. So-ho, he had three, or perhaps four companions, and they have paused here, against the face of the cliff, while he has gone on to carry out his part of the program.

"They are dressed in furs, these men, for here are shreds, detached by the ice against which they leaned, and there is the imprint of a hand upon the snow.

"What is this? Some weapon has been placed against the wall, for here is the mark of the lower end in the snow. The butt of a musket! So, then, these men are armed. Yes, there must be more than one gun among them, for here is the mark of another, of a different shape than the first.

"Ah! here one of the men has let his gun fall from his hands. What a clear imprint it has made. The print of his gloved fingers when he picked it up is very plain, also.

"Now, if these men have been wrecked, as no doubt they have, why didn't they call for help as well as this man? What reason could they have for remaining behind? They must know that any one would shelter them, unless they had hearts of stone.

"There is a reason for their hanging back, and I fear treachery, for otherwise they would have accompanied their comrade. What motive should these men, utter strangers to us, have for treachery? The cave is large enough for us all, and there is no reason why we could not live in common.

"The hand of Jim Hulk is seen in this business. It is he who has met these men, he who has inspired them to act the part of traitors. Selfish and vengeful, he has poured some lying talk into their ears and induced them to concoct some plan by which to destroy us and obtain our snug abode for themselves.

"Blind fool that he is! Have we not been ready at all times to share our lot with him—to take him in and give him all the comforts we have ourselves? But no, he is not content to receive, he must snatch these things; he will steal, but not let us give.

"I saved the life of the wretch, for he was no match for Spank, and would have been killed had I allowed that combat to have taken place, and yet now turns against me and conspires to rout me from the same quarters which I would have shared with him.

"Even now, were he content to lay aside his moodiness and be content, like the others, to have his portion of the work and comfort, I would take him in; but, ingrate as he is, that is not enough. He must have all or nothing."

Having made all the observations he cared to make for the present, Doublequick turned and walked back to the cave, musing as he went in much the same strain as he had already done, though his thoughts were principally devoted to devising means of resistance in case Hulk and the newcomers should attempt to dislodge himself and his chums.

"They are better armed than we, and have the advantage of having one of their spies in our camp, who will know just how to attack us, though they probably count upon getting us away to look for this ship and then rush in and take possession. I will prevent that, however, for I will refuse to accompany this man, and will keep him a prisoner until he confesses his real purpose."

The air was cold and penetrating, and Doublequick feared to stay out any longer, so he made more haste and in a few minutes had reached the entrance of the cavern.

He was about to step in and open the door, when a figure suddenly sprang up from the ground where it had been crouching and stood facing him with uplifted hand, in which gleamed a knife.

The figure was that of Hulk, and in his small, deep-set eyes shone the bitterest hate and revenge.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON GUARD AGAINST DANGER.

"What do you want, Jim Hulk?" asked Doublequick, advancing upon the miserable wretch who dared to dispute his path.

"Your life!" hissed the man, and his firmly-set teeth, starting eyes and contracted jaws showed that he was in dead earnest.

"Stand aside, you miserable creature, or I will not answer for your safety," said Doublequick. "You refused our hospitality when it was offered you, and now, for having saved your life, you wish mine. We would have taken you in, but now we'd see you frozen to death first."

"You cheated me of my revenge upon that cur in there, Fred Gilbert, and I'll never forgive you," snarled Hulk. "You'll never get back to New Bedford alive, so you might as well make up your mind on that point. I'll ruin you and all your crowd, see if I don't."

"Vengeful fool!" retorted the other. "Have all good impulses

taken leave of your heart? Here in this wilderness of snow and ice we should have one common impulse, one common purpose—that, of striving to protect one another, for the safety of all depends upon that of any one of us. Return to your evil companions, and permit us to live in peace.”

“Yes, and have you come down on us some night and rout us all out. You are not to be trusted, and I’m going to begin on you and then clean out the whole miserable gang. Spank Howard will go next, and then old Toplight.”

“Do you think that all men are like you, Jim Hulk? It would be a nice world if they were. About as nice as a den of wild beasts. Go your way and don’t try to come any nonsense upon us, or it will be the worse for you.”

“You’ve said enough,” answered the brute, with a malignant scow, “and now I’m going to kill you!”

He rushed upon Doublequick, but the latter, true to his name, seized the wrist of the arm uplifted against him, and with a quick, sharp turn, gave it a wrench that caused the villain to howl with pain.

The knife fell from his grasp and he came to his knees, the grasp upon his wrist being too strong to shake off.

With a movement of his foot our hero sent the knife flying over the snow, and then releasing the abject creature from his hold, said sternly:

“Now take yourself off as quickly as you know how, and don’t trouble us again. If your accomplice in there behaves himself, well and good; if not, I’ll turn him out as I would a snarling dog.”

Hulk rose to his feet, and darting a glance of hatred upon the young man, rushed away in the darkness, and soon disappeared around an angle of the cliff, while Doublequick entered the cave.

His friends were all asleep, and the stranger seemed to be in as sound a slumber as any of them, though Doublequick thought his breathing a little too regular, as if he was feigning to be asleep when he was really wide awake.

“I wonder if he heard what I said outside,” he thought. “If he thinks to put me off my guard he is mistaken, for I know his plans now and will thwart them.”

He listened attentively to the breathing of all the men, and soon detected a difference between that of the stranger and that of his friends, which was generally the same.

Before long Binnacle began to snore, having got into an uneasy position, and soon after that the stranger also snored, though he was lying very comfortably upon one side, his lungs being neither cramped nor thrown out of their natural position.

“That’s all gammon,” said Doublequick aloud, determined to let the man see that he knew he was shamming. “That fellow is not asleep any more than I am.”

“What did you say?” said Petersen, with a sudden start, and rubbing his eyes like one just awakened from a troubled sleep.

“Nothing, my man,” said Doublequick, “so go to sleep again. I shall remain on guard the most of the night, for there are wolves outside, and I don’t care to have them come in.”

“Wolves?” echoed the man, in surprise. “I didn’t know there were any animals at all down here. I haven’t seen any since the wreck.”

“The wolves I speak of are not generally called such, though I would not insult mankind by calling them human. They have the semblance of men, but the hearts of fiends.”

“Oh,” replied the man, briefly, and then turned over and was soon asleep in reality, having evidently made up his mind that there was no getting the best of Doublequick that night.

The latter remained awake for two or three hours longer, and then arousing Spank, explained the situation to him and charged him to keep watch until the early morning, when he could turn his duty over to Spencer.

“They can’t get in, can they?” he asked of Doublequick.

“No, the door is barred. This man here, though, could let them in if he chose, and that’s what I want to prevent; so don’t fall asleep, as you value your safety.”

Spank promised to keep awake, and Doublequick, believing he would do so, dropped off into a sound slumber in a few minutes.

Spank was true to his word, and kept a good lookout, waking Spencer about two hours before the time they usually got up.

In the morning, after breakfast, all hands went out for a run over the ice, not a sign of Hulk or his presumed companions being seen anywhere about, the wind having arisen in the night and drifted the loose snow in all directions.

Petersen seemed anxious to please, and assisted the party in many ways; and Doublequick, while he did not seem to distrust the man, kept a careful watch upon him nevertheless.

The day passed as many others had, there being little or nothing to do—no proposition to visit the wreck of the Bear

Star being made—and in the evening they all sat around the fire and told stories, the newcomer being particularly entertaining in that respect.

“Are you going to keep watch to-night again?” he asked at length, when the party began to make preparations for turning in.

“Certainly,” answered the young harpooner, quickly, “we always keep a watch.”

“I don’t see what need there is in this out-of-the-way place, although,” he added quickly, as if to disarm suspicion, “I suppose there are dangers to be guarded against, such as the fire going out or burning too brightly. It would be a sad misfortune to be burned out of house and home.”

“And then there are the wolves,” said Spank, having received his cue from Doublequick. “They are treacherous, Hulk-ing fellows, and are to be carefully guarded against.”

“You ought to allow me to stand my watch with the rest,” pretending not to notice Spank’s allusion to Hulk.

“All right,” answered Doublequick. “I’ll tell Spank to wake you up when he gets tired, and you can call me in a couple of hours after that.”

Spank stood the first watch, and at the end of two hours awoke Petersen, and then dropped off to sleep.

Doublequick was awake, however, and kept a good watch upon the man whom he wished to test, and see whether he really meant any treachery or not.

For two hours the man sat in the same place, and smoked or hummed softly to himself, never getting up or changing his position once in all that time.

When he considered that his time was up he called our hero, and the latter took his place, he himself wrapping himself up and devoting himself to sleep in a short time.

“I shall not trust you yet, my fine man,” thought the young fellow, “although you have borne yourself well to-night. You are, doubtless, trying to secure our confidence before you let the wolves in upon us. Very well, I shall continue to have you watched, and at the first sign of unfaithfulness, out you go among your miserable companions.”

Nothing occurred to disturb our hero’s thoughts for the remainder of the night, and when morning dawned he proposed a visit to the wreck.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER STARTLING INTERRUPTION TO A GOOD STORY.

“Who’s for the shipwrecked vessel?” asked Doublequick, and everybody responded in the affirmative.

“Then I propose to lock up our house, as it were, and set off upon our expedition at once. It may be that there will be material on board which we can utilize.”

Securing the door upon the outside so that no one could get into the cavern during their absence, the party started out across the ice, carrying food enough to last them all day, and providing themselves with weapons with which to resist an attack, should any be made.

They were all well clad and in no danger of being overcome by the cold, which was keen, though not as great as if they had been further south.

There was another danger to be guarded against, and this was the ice-blink, the presence of so large a surface of dazzling white, with sun shining over all, being most conducive to partial blindness.

To protect their eyes, therefore, they all wore what seemed to be wooden spectacles, being strips of wood placed before the eyes and having a small slit made in them, which afforded vision enough and prevented snow-blindness.

Petersen first pointed out the general direction in which they were to go, and then started on ahead as a guide, the others being not far behind.

Doublequick perceived that the route taken did not lead to the cliffs in which he presumed that Hulk and the others had found a refuge, and he therefore intended to let the man lead on, being still in doubt as to whether he intended any treachery or not.

For several hours they walked steadily on, and then, from a point of rising ground, they suddenly saw at some considerable distance a vessel stuck fast in the ice.

Her hull, masts and rigging were one glittering mass of white, and she shone in the full sunlight like some huge diamond throwing out luster from a million facets.

“How beautiful,” exclaimed the harpooner, “and yet how cruel the ice is. Endowed with the strength and will of a giant, it is a very tyrant when it can get puny man within its power.”

"That makes me think," said Binnacle, suddenly, "of a voyage that I once made——"

"In the Indian Ocean?" asked Spencer.

"No, you lantern-jawed, pigeon-breasted, knock-kneed, web-footed, hump-backed, white-livered, good-for-nothing sea-porcupine you, it was not in the Indian Ocean, but in the Arctic."

"In a China tea clipper?" suggested Spank.

Binnacle did not waste any eloquence or invective upon Spank, but merely giving him what was intended as a withering glance, proceeded with his yarn, not knowing when it might be broken off short.

"I was then a boat-steerer in the brig *Leonidas*—you must remember her—and havin' got all we wanted in the Indian Ocean—yes, in the Indian Ocean," he repeated, darting a look of scorn at Spencer, "we thort as how we might as well take a run up to the Arctic after seein' what there was in the Pacific.

"I won't bother you with the many adventures we had before we got to the northern regions, but just jump right to the time I was tellin' you about.

"We had made a good catch, and was thinkin' of turnin' about for hum, so's not to be caught by the pack ice, when one mornin', on goin' up aloft, I seen that we was in a kind of lake like, and that all around was solid ice, shuttin' us in on all sides.

"I couldn't see nothin' but ice all around us, the water bein' perhaps twice the ship's length across, and perfectly smooth and even, with not a ripple.

"All hands was called up, and the old man swore like a pirate, for, as far as he could see, the ice was all around him, and gettin' closer and closer every minute.

"The air was so cold all of a sudden that you couldn't open your mouth for fear of freezing solid right down to your feet, and pretty soon the ice got to formin' all about the ship and hoistin' her up in the air, little by little, like there was a million men under it.

"Nobody dared say nothin' fur fear o' freezin' stiff, and pretty soon the vessel was all frozen in and was pushed clear up in the air, right on top of an ice mountain a hundred feet high.

"Of course, you must know that I hadn't any notion of stayin' there all my life, and seein' that I'm here now is proof that I got away. And I'm going to tell you how I got off and joined another ship, which had the daughter of the owner on board."

"I knew we'd get that if the fellow had time enough," whispered Spank. "I never heard old Toplight tell a story yet that he didn't lug that in, and nobody has ever yet heard what became of that young woman."

"What are you muttering about, you lop-sided pelican?" growled Binnacle.

"Nothing; go ahead and tell us how you got out of the ice."

"Well, as I was sayin', we were stuck up there on the ice a hundred foot above the surface, and wonderin' how the deuce we were to get down, when the weather began to moderate.

"Then it began to snow, and snow, and snow. Good Cæsar! how it snowed. The flakes were as big as fryin' pans, and every one of 'em weighed half a pound. You'd ha' thought you was bein' snow-balled the way they come down.

"I looked over the side and saw the snow a-pilin' up faster'n blazes, so that in an hour it was ten foot thick. In another hour it was twenty-five foot, 'cause it was snowin' faster.

"Before six bells struck the snow was on a level with the bulwarks and still a fallin' faster'n scat, so that I began to get scared and thought we'd be all buried up.

"There wasn't scarcely any on deck to speak of, 'cause we had all the fires lighted below, and chucked in the wood as fast as we could, and that made it melt and run out the scuppers.

"By and by it melted so fast that the scuppers wouldn't take it off fast enough, and we had to close up all the hatches to stop it running down into the hold and puttin' the fires out.

"Bless your heart, the water got so deep finally that it run over the top of the rail around and down into the snow, bein' the only thing what kept that from pilin' up all around us.

"While it was still a-snowin' the weather changed again so quick that you couldn't say John Jones before all that water on deck began to freeze all over.

"One or two poor fellows what was wadin' around in it got nipped and was frozen solid right in the ice. I got one of my toes frozen off before I could clamber up into the riggin', and that's what makes me limp so bad sometimes.

"Well, sir, there we was with three foot of ice on deck and our chums below in the hold, caught like mice in a trap, 'tendin' the fires to melt the snow with.

"The water which had flowed out already had made a hole in the snow, and we was a-settlin' down gradually, though now

it was so deuced cold that the snow was frozen stiff, and we didn't budge an inch, and didn't dare to get out into the snow for fear the weather might moderate again, and we'd get swallowed up in the drifts.

"Then it was that my ingenuity came into play and got us out of what might have been a bad scrape, and made it possible for me to tell of our wonderful escape.

"I just got a cask of oil out of the hold, and going for the cook's——"

"Hold on, hold on!" interrupted Spencer. "You haven't said how you got rid of that three feet of ice on the deck. That's in your way."

The old fellow was cornered, and scratched his head for a minute in order to get his ideas into shape.

"Why, I thought I told you," he said, "that we got all hands together and just made short work——"

A sudden exclamation from Doublequick, who was walking on ahead with Petersen, brought the tale to an untimely end.

They had approached to within a quarter of a mile of the stranded ship when an unexpected catastrophe took place.

There was a sudden puff of white smoke, a flash of living flame, a deafening roar, and then the ship was blown to atoms, the fragments falling at the very feet of the party.

All hands rushed forward to investigate the cause of the explosion, Binnacle muttering sadly to himself:

"Another good story gone to thunder, and just as I was gettin' to the crisis!"

CHAPTER XV.

LOUIS MAKES A PROPOSITION.

Louis Gilbert, once having made up his mind to go in search of his brother, lost no time in carrying out his daring resolution.

It was in vain that his friends protested that he could do better by remaining at home and letting others conduct the search. He declared that it was his duty to go, and go he would, or never forgive himself as long as he lived.

He could give up his business, he said, and as for his mother, she did not attempt to dissuade him, and that was evidence enough that she thought he ought to go.

She was in comfortable circumstances and in no danger of annoyance from old Horner, and therefore he could leave her with a clear conscience to go in search of his lost brother, and if not able to rescue him at least to bring home his remains.

He was told that it would be of no use to go into the Southern Ocean at that time, for, when he reached there, the ice would not have broken up, and the vessel would be unable to proceed.

There was no chance that the castaways would have survived the terrors of an Antarctic winter, even if they had found a shelter upon the almost unknown continent they had reached, said his advisers, and he had better await the news from the fleet, which would be in that neighborhood in a few months.

"You know they rarely go as far down as that," he said, "and if they did, think of the weary months I should have to wait. Doublequick asks for help, and I must give it to him."

"And how do you propose to get there?" asked one. "Shall you charter a vessel?"

"No, of course not. I can go as a common sailor in the next vessel that is going down, and when there I shall be able to get the first news."

"You said yourself that vessels did not go so far south as that. How will you get the news, then?"

"At Talcalmana or the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, I shall hear of him if he is still alive. I'm bound to carry this thing through, and you need not raise any more objections."

"You certainly will not refuse to listen to reason, will you, my boy?" asked Mr. Cook, the lawyer. "You ought, if you intend to conduct this search properly, to have a vessel of your own, or, at least, under your control, so that——"

"Then I'll get one," said Louis, excitedly. "I can do it if I try, and I'm going to try right away."

Chance, or what you will, favored him in this regard more than he had any idea of, and I will proceed to relate at once in due form how it all came about.

Louis rushed from the lawyer's office with only a half-formed purpose, but, as he hurried along Purchase street, it suddenly molded itself into a most daring proposition.

This was nothing less than to ask Mr. Warner to send his vessel, which was all ready for sea, but which had delayed

sailing on account of the bad weather, in search of Doublequick and his friends.

The very boldness of this proposal almost staggered the boy himself, for it was considerable to ask of a man who had always snubbed him and who but a few months before had accused him of robbery.

The matter had just taken full shape in his mind, when of a sudden he heard a frightened scream and an exclamation of horror from the passers-by.

He turned and saw an elegant sleigh, drawn by two powerful horses, come dashing down the street at a terrible pace.

The sole occupant of the sleigh was a young lady, who seemed actually powerless from fright, and who had sunk down among the robes and covered her face with her hands.

There was no coachman, and the horses had evidently become frightened at something and started off at this terrible pace upon their own account.

A little further down the street was crowded with vehicles, and a collision was inevitable, unless the frightened and plunging steeds were brought instantly to a standstill.

Louis took in the situation at a glance, and resolved to save the young lady, though at the most imminent peril.

He did not know who she was, but that did not make any difference, for he was naturally chivalrous and would have rescued a beggar girl, had she been in peril, as quickly as though she had been the proudest lady in the land.

Taking one look about him, he sprang forward and seized the bridle of one of the horses, throwing himself back and putting forth all his strength.

He planted his feet firmly in the snow and brought the powerful animal back upon his haunches, while in a voice of stern command, though in low tones, he called out:

"Whoa! whoa, I say!"

The horse plunged and reared, but at that moment several men came forward, and, standing in front of the steeds, compelled them to stand.

Louis then released his hold upon the rein and turned to reassure the occupant of the sleigh that the danger was over and to offer his further services, if required.

What was his astonishment, when the lady arose and faced him, to find that he had rescued Dora Warner herself.

"Oh, Louis!" she said, "I am so glad it was you! I wouldn't have had any one else do it for the world."

"Neither would I," he answered, gallantly, "and I hope if anything of the kind ever happens again that I shall be on hand."

"It was all my own carelessness. Papa told me I ought to take John along because the horses were restless, but I hate to be bothered with a coachman."

"And so the horses ran away with you?"

"Yes, and I was so frightened that I almost fainted, and expected every moment to be thrown out."

"So you see, a coachman is a useful thing to have around, after all."

"I've been out before with them alone, and they never acted so. I suppose that they got excited, and knew that there wasn't any man around, the horrid things!"

Louis laughed, and then said pleasantly:

"Don't blame the poor horses. I am sure I am grateful to them for giving me an opportunity for doing you so great a service."

"I'm awfully glad; but I shan't go out without a coachman again."

"Are you going home now?"

"Yes, I was; but I'm afraid now, because I haven't any—"

"Coachman? Permit me to accept that position for a short time."

"Oh, won't that be nice? And can you drive?"

"Certainly; and I will if I may."

"Of course you may. Get right in."

The drive home was prolonged rather longer than necessary, and for a coachman Louis was certainly remarkably attentive to the young lady; but all things must have an end, and at last they drove into the grounds of Mr. Warner's elegant mansion, and Louis gave up the horses to the man whose duties he had more than well performed.

Mr. Warner was soon informed of the affair, and forgetting his pride, said heartily:

"I am deeply gratified, my boy, at your noble conduct. I know you are sufficiently repaid by your own proud feelings at being able to do me a favor in return for the annoyance I have caused you, but ask any favor you wish, and I will grant it."

"Then," cried Louis, suddenly, as his pet project darted through his mind, "send your vessel out to find my brother, and let me go along."

CHAPTER XVI.

BARGAINING FOR BLOOD.

For a moment the millionaire did not speak, and then he burst into a laugh, a good-natured one, though, and one which did not offend Louis in the least.

In that brief interval the wealthy merchant had had time to think of the promise he had given, and he almost expected that the boy was going to ask him for his daughter's hand.

The reply, therefore, was so unexpected, and yet so practical and evincing such a business-like spirit, that he was obliged to laugh, and yet in a perfectly good-natured manner.

"To be sure I will," he answered. "That is, if you will show me that it is perfectly practicable."

"I have not the least doubt of it, sir. Have you read the very latest news? The poor fellows had reached land, and you can just bet that if my brother Fred gets on land, even if it is uninhabited, he's going to get along."

Mr. Warner laughed at the boy's excitement, and then said cordially:

"Stay and dine with me, my boy, and we will talk over this matter. The vessel is all ready and nothing needed but a crew, and if we decide to send her out we can soon find that and fit them out."

"Don't go to old Horner then, or he'll cheat the eye-teeth out of the men. He's the worst shark in the business."

"I don't think I have anything to fear from him," said Mr. Warner, adding in a tone which he supposed Louis did not hear: "I know too much about the old scoundrel, and I suspect a good deal more than I know."

Louis heard this, however, and remembered it.

At dinner the proposition was talked over at considerable length, Mr. Warner finally agreeing with his young guest that the affair was a perfectly practical one, and particularly as Dora added her persuasions to the arguments already brought forward, and which the millionaire deemed unanswerable.

In a few days the news of the finding of the oar was confirmed, and full particulars given, the affair causing much excitement in New Bedford.

The castaways all had friends in the city, particularly Doublequick, Spank, and the mate, and when it was rumored that an expedition was going in search of them, many who were interested in their fate came forward and offered their services.

If there had been no other reason why Mr. Warner should send out his vessel upon this errand, there was one which would have had considerable weight with him, and that was that it would make him popular to do so.

He had long had aspirations for a seat in the Legislature of his State, and he plainly foresaw that if this expedition were successful it would be one of the means for bringing about the consummation of his ardent desires.

Let us do him the justice, however, to state that he had better reasons than the mere desire to render himself popular, and that he really took a lively interest in the safety of the castaways, and was perfectly willing to do what he could toward rescuing them from their perilous situation.

Louis was in raptures, for he was to make one of the rescuing party, and he often laughed gleefully at Mr. Cook for having thrown so many obstacles in his path only to see them dashed aside.

The expedition being an established fact, offers to join the crew were received from a large number of persons, those that were desirable being accepted, and the others respectfully declined.

A first rate captain and crew were selected, old whalers being preferred, as the vessel was not altered, and it was the intention of the owner that if whales were sighted upon the voyage they should be hunted as though it was an ordinary whaling voyage, the vessel to proceed on her way thereafter, and the officers to conduct as rigid a search as circumstances would permit.

Some persons criticised this mingling of business with duty pretty sharply, though there was no reason why they should, for there would be times when the crew would be idle, and it was no more than their keeping a harmony demanded that they should be employed whenever an occasion offered.

That old hypocrite, Horner, was very much interested in the affair, particularly when he heard that Louis Gilbert was going, and he talked with Jack confidently upon the subject for hours at a time.

"I'm glad the young scamp is going," he chuckled, "for now I will have a chance to get even with him. Keep your eyes

open for Portuguese John, Jack, and send him to me as soon as you see him."

This was before the crew list of the ship T. A. Warner had been completed.

The man called Portuguese John was a sailor who had made many voyages both to the Arctic and Antarctic oceans, and was considered a valuable man to have upon such an expedition as that upon which the Warner was now bound.

Two or three days after the conversation with Jack this man walked into old Horner's store, having been told by the young rascal that the aged rascal wished to see him.

"You wanta me, Mistaire Horn?" he asked. "You have a sheep fora me?"

"I want you to go on the Warner. Don't say anything about me, though, you pesky scoundrel, or you won't get on. Old Warner don't like me, drat him."

"You wanta me go ona this sheep, but you no wanta me say Mistaire Horn senda me. You have something toa settle weeth Mistaire Warn?"

"No, but with young Doublequick, Louis Gilbert—you know him, consarn him, I know you do."

The Portuguese showed his white teeth and grinned until the little gold rings in his ears touched his cheeks.

"Yes, I knowa him—his broth' fighta me, makea blood to my nose. I should likea kill him!"

The word was hissed out in a manner that showed plainly enough the vindictive hatred that inspired this miserable creature.

"You can do so if you meet him, John; and, anyhow, get this little fellow out of the way. I know you'd do it for the asking."

But the wily Portuguese had other plans in view, and he said:

"How moche you paya me, heh? I do nota work fora nothing."

"Blast your dirty hide!" snapped the shark, adding words which, although not profane, for the old hypocrite was not manly enough to swear, would at least have been out of place in a church, "I can hang you, you nasty pig, and you ask me how much I'll pay you! Drat you for a scurvy dog, you ought to be glad to do what I tell you for nothing."

The Portuguese paled, for he knew the old rascal had him in his power, and would not scruple to exercise it, so he answered presently:

"Oh, Mistaire Horn, I don'ta likea this thing to be done for nothing, but eef youa say I must, then I will. I likea mon', but I hatea him, and I will kill his broth' and sis' and moth' and everybody of his. I will go ona this sheep, suppose they takea me."

"They must, you loafer, for you're a good man in cold climates. And come to me for your outfit, you ruffian, or I'll give you dead away."

"Haw! Mistaire Horn, I knowa you—you chargea me two dollar half for Dungaree jump', t'ree doll' for pantaloons, seven doll' for meeserable blanket, not last two months, one doll' pound for tabac', buy him everywhere for fift' cent. No, no, Mistaire Horn, I get outfit some oth' man, but I killa you this leetle man you tella me 'bout. I lay for him with knife, stab quick, in, dark."

"That's right, you ugly devil, get him out of the way just as you like and run your own risks. I don't care if you get knocked on the head yourself, either. Now get out with you; I don't want to be seen talking with you."

The next day Portuguese John informed the miserable hypocrite that he had secured a position on the Warner, at which Horner chuckled.

And this man was called a Christian, and when all of our large cities are full of just such creatures, it is no wonder that men become infidels.

"Ha—ha!" he laughed to himself. "We'll see who wins now, me or Doublequick!"

CHAPTER XVII.

READY FOR SEA.

The Warner was ready to sail in about a week, and considerable excitement was felt in the town over her intended departure, there being so many friends of the missing men who were anxious to hear of their fate.

Louis Gilbert bade his mother and sweetheart good-by, and promised them both that he would not return until he had either found Fred or learned his fate.

Dora would have liked to accompany Louis, but this was out of the question, so she made him promise to keep a diary and to preserve it until he returned, that she might read it, and

also that he would write to her every time he had an opportunity to send a letter.

His mother was loath to have the boy go, but she knew how much he loved his brother, and as he considered it his duty, she did not have the heart to dissuade him from his purpose, although it made her sorrowful to think of the chance of both her boys being lost, and that she might never see them again.

At last the vessel sailed, amid hearty cheers and the firing of cannon, Dora and her father going down the bay with it, and returning on a tugboat which accompanied the voyagers a part of the way.

Then the final leave-takings were made, and Louis stood upon the quarter-deck until he could see not the least speck upon the water, where he had last seen his darling upon the deck of the tug, and the receding shores told him that by morning they would be upon the boundless ocean.

As we have alluded to the diary which he promised to keep, and which he began upon that very day, we will from time to time make extracts from it, as in that form the boy's adventures will seem more interesting than if told in the third person, though occasionally we shall be compelled to resort to that method.

For the present, therefore, we will take the diary, omitting dates and matter of no particular importance to the story, such as meteorological observations, and records of distances traveled, the position of the vessel, and all that sort of thing.

The first extract is written concerning the events from the time when the vessel was three days' out, and from that the narrative proceeds:

"This morning I was very much astonished to hear one of the officers say that he thought there was a stowaway upon the vessel, for I cannot see what inducements a person can have to go upon such a voyage as ours unless they have friends among the missing, and in that case it would not be necessary to hide in the ship, as they could go for the asking."

"However, the men began to search for the hidden person, and after a long hunt, for the fellow evidently knew they were looking for him, and tried to get out of their reach, who should appear in the grasp of a stout sailor but my old enemy, Jack Horner."

"I can conceive of only one reason for his stowing away, and that is that somebody has put it into his head to follow me and do me an injury, if possible; most likely his hypocritical old father, who I know hates me worse for losing a chance to cheat a man out of a dollar."

"Jack made a great ado when they brought him on deck, and was quite troublesome, kicking and scratching at a great rate, until one of the sailors threatened to throw him overboard, when he quieted down remarkably quick."

"When asked what made him stow away on the vessel he said he had got tired of knocking around New Bedford, that his father licked him all the time, and that if he was ever going to be worth anything he thought he'd better get away and start fresh somewhere else."

"I don't believe anything of the sort, and I think the miserable young scamp was lying, and that some one got him to stow away so that he could do me a mischief."

"He began at once to try and make friends with me, and the captain asked me if I wanted him in the cabin to amuse me. The idea of being amused by such a scoundrel! I wouldn't have the miserable pup around, and I told the captain so."

"Then Jack begged to be allowed to stay, but the cook kicked him out, and told him to go and peel a lot of potatoes, that he was good for nothing but a scullion, anyhow, and that if he didn't he would throw a belaying-pin at his head."

"Portuguese John seemed annoyed at the boy's having been discovered on board, and in the afternoon I heard him scolding away at a great rate, Jack being in his room with him."

"There was no need of trying to hear what they were talking about, for John spoke so loud that I could hear every word he said as plain as if he had been alongside."

"He wanted to know what Jack meant by coming aboard, and what he meant to do now that he was aboard, whether his old father had sent him, and why the deuce one man wasn't enough for the job on hand."

"Jack did not talk loud enough for me to hear what he said, and so I could not catch the connection, John swearing and cursing, saying that old Horner was a rascal and Jack only fit to be thrown to the sharks, that he was not going to be interfered with, and that if young Gilbert was to be put out of the way—"

"I did not think I ought to listen any more, and so I rapped upon the partition and said very loud that if they had any secrets to talk about, they'd better wait until I wasn't around, and at any rate not to make so much noise about it."

"John's door opened immediately and the man himself appeared, his face red and inflamed with passion, his lips tightly closed and his eyes rolling like a tiger's.

"He had Jack Horner by the shirt collar, and pushing him out into the cabin, quickened his movements by applying his toe to the lad's trousers, at the same time telling him not to dare enter his room again if he didn't want to be scalped.

"He said nothing to me, but slammed his door quickly, fastening it by both bolt and lock, and never coming out until supper-time.

"Jack Horner went into the fore-castle, and this evening I saw him helping the cook get supper, and working like a beaver for once in his life, splitting wood, going into the hold for water, watching the pork frying, and a dozen other things.

"I went forward to speak to one of the seamen, and Master Jack made a wry face at me, but I don't care for such things as that, and I paid no attention to him.

"I have never liked Portuguese John, and I don't like him any better since what he said about getting rid of me; I don't know exactly what he means, but he looks like a bad man, and I have heard that when he was mate of the *Lucinda* he made a sick man work at the brakes when they were cutting in a whale until he actually fell down dead.

"He has a hard name and looks cruel, and I don't like Portuguese men, anyhow—they are too treacherous. This fellow daren't look you straight in the eye. To-night, just before I left deck for the last time, I saw him standing in the shadow muttering to himself, and when I said good-night to him he started as if shot. If I catch him at any of his nonsense—for I think now that he wants to kill me—I shall tell the captain, and black this fellow's eye in the bargain."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOUIS' NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

"To-day we sighted a lone whale, and as everything we get in that line is so much more for the men, the boats were lowered and put after him.

"I went with the captain and saw the whole business, and it's jolly fun, only terribly exciting and rather dangerous.

"I never had any idea that a whale could be so big, but this one was over a hundred feet long, and so big that you could stand alongside of his head and reach as high as you could, and then not come anywhere near the top of it.

"I was glad that I didn't go in John's boat, for I believe he would throw me overboard if he got a good chance, or stick a harpoon into me, or something of that sort, for from what I have seen of him since the day that Jack Horner appeared, I am convinced that he is here for the express purpose of getting rid of me.

"It was very lucky for me that I suspected the man's purpose so quick, for otherwise I might have suffered. He did not expect Jack, and I think he imagines that old Horner sent his boy out to watch him, and he doesn't like it a bit.

"I suppose he must know that I suspect him, but he makes no attempt to become friends with me, for fear, I presume, that I will avoid him so much that he won't have any chance to carry out his agreeable intentions.

"I don't avoid him as it is, but I keep a mighty sharp look-out upon him, and don't give him any chance to hurt me, and at night when he is on deck I always am careful that some one is with me.

"But to get back to the whale, the sight of which gave me a great deal of excitement, as it did every one on board, for a big whale represents just so much money to a sailor.

"These fellows usually go in schools, though sometimes whalers run across a lone one, as in this case, and then the chase is apt to be pretty lively.

"The boat I was in, which was headed by the captain, got away first, and we made a dead set for the monster, who didn't seem to know we were coming.

"When I asked to go in the boat I volunteered to row, because there's no room for idle hands in a whale boat when a chase is going on, and so I took the stroke oar, and occasionally changed places with the captain, and steered until we got near the whale.

"He didn't make any particular fuss until we got right alongside and the harpooner stuck an iron in him, when he began to slash around in a fearful manner, the captain giving a dozen orders in a minute.

"It was 'stern' one second, 'pull ahead' the next, 'lay' the next, and then 'stern' or 'pull ahead' again, and the water fairly boiled around us.

"Then the iron snapped in two, and the boat-steerer began

to scold at the contractor for furnishing such poor steel, and wishing that the harpoon was stuck in his back.

"The whale got away, but for all that he was so big he didn't seem very strong, and the old man—that's the captain—said that he guessed he was sick, and that we might find some ambergris in him, and that's worth its weight in gold.

"The other boats were beginning to draw on us, for there wasn't wind enough to put up our sail, and when the captain saw this he yelled out for us to pull as hard as we knew how, and that we would soon catch up with the whale again.

"When a whale gets off after having an iron in him it is almost impossible to come up with him again, but this fellow, after going ahead for a time, seemed to stop, as if waiting for us to come along.

"I had a good look at him, and I confess I did not like the appearance of his flukes, one blow from which would have smashed our boat into kindling wood.

"He was a dark gray in color, the hump and flukes being quite black, and a decided 'fishy' odor came from him, though a whale is not, strictly speaking, a fish, being warm-blooded, and having a heart and lungs.

"He answers all the purposes of a fish, however, and we had a nice little harpoon ready to stick into him as soon as we could draw near enough, which we managed to do in about half an hour after he had got away.

"This time the harpooner got an iron which he was sure would not break, and, watching his opportunity, launched it deep into the creature's side when within only six feet of him, putting in his third and last harpoon immediately afterwards.

"The captain was somewhat disappointed that the whale did not make us more trouble, for when he went forward and took the harpooner's place, while the latter steered, he fairly churned the monster with a lance, the whale taking it as coolly as you please, and never even shaking his tail at us.

"There was no flurry to speak of, and in a few moments the whale turned on his side, dead, and fastening a line around his tail we towed him to the ship, the other boats giving us a little help, as he was such a big one.

"When he was brought alongside, chains were let out fore and aft and fastened about his head and tail, and another around the middle to prevent him floating away, the work of stripping off the blubber then beginning.

"This kind of work was a little too dirty for me, so I kept on the house and watched the others, young Jack Horner being set to work turning the grindstone, the different sorts of knives having to be frequently sharpened.

"Suddenly one of the spades, or long-handled knives, used for stripping off the blubber, struck against something hard, and a big piece was chipped out.

"A man fastened a rope around his waist, and jumping right upon the slippery back of the dead whale, began cutting down to see what the thing was which had dulled the knife.

"He thrust his hands deep into the flesh and tugged away for some moments, presently bringing up in his reeking, bloody hands the shank of a harpoon.

"He held it up to the light, and then said, suddenly:

"That ain't our iron! This here has been stickin' in the critter's side fur months, and he's sick an' sore from it."

"While the man was trying to get the second iron I had jumped down on deck and picked up the fragment of the harpoon, searching earnestly for certain marks.

"It was Doublequick that threw this harpoon!" I shouted. "Hurrah, boys, for this assures me that we will get upon his track and save him and his friends."

CHAPTER XIX.

PETERSEN PROVES TO BE A FRIEND.

With the blowing up of the stranded ship vanished all the hopes which the castaways had formed for their final escape from this desolate region, and they were once more cast into the depths of despair.

That the destruction of the vessel had been the work of the evil-minded Hulk there could be no doubt, for no one but a man with his malignant and hateful disposition would cut off his own chances of escape purely to prevent another from enjoying himself.

"See what your precious comrades have done," said Doublequick to Petersen. "The ship would have afforded them a hope, and they have destroyed it."

"They would not be such fools as that," cried the man, forgetting that he had said his companions were all dead. "They would know better than destroy their ship without having the material to build another. No, no, it is your man Hulk that has done his."

"How did you happen to know this man Hulk? We never allude to him. You have seen him and spoken to him, you and your companions. How many are there of you all told?"

"Four besides myself, and then there is Hulk but—"

"Which makes six, and we are but four. You are armed with guns, too, and we are not, with the exception of one gun used in firing booms. You could have attacked us, and driven us out if you had chosen. Why did you destroy the ship?"

"Listen to me, and you will not think me so bad when I have finished."

"Go on."

"The vessel was caught in the ice as you saw it, and all but myself and four companions died of privation and exposure, the severe cold prostrating them utterly."

"The five of us marched across the ice, and met this man Hulk, who was living, like a wild beast, in a cave, half starved and insufficiently clad, and from him we heard that he had been left to die by his comrades; that they would not allow him to live with them, nor give him anything to eat; that they had even tried to kill him, and that his life was in constant danger."

"If he said all that, he lies," spoke up Spank.

"According to his story, you were a set of monsters," continued Petersen, "and we determined to rout you out."

"I was chosen to make my way among you, because we did not want to have a fight, and, perhaps, lose some of our men, our plan being to get you out of your cave by strategy."

"You cannot say that I have been guilty of any act of treachery since I came with you, for it was your own proposal that we should visit the ship, and I confess I am as much astonished as you to find that some one has destroyed it."

By this time they had reached the scene of the disaster, and found the vessel an almost total wreck, there being nothing but charred and blackened timbers remaining, and not many of them of sufficient length to be available for anything but firewood.

At last they set out to return, and, when half way back to the cave, met four men, armed and exceedingly excited, so that unless Petersen had made a warning gesture, they would certainly have fired upon Doublequick and his friends.

"Why have you blown up our ship?" cried one. "Are you men or fiends?"

"You see," said Petersen, "I told you my friends knew nothing of this. Where is Hulk, Robert?" he continued, addressing the man who had spoken.

"I do not know. We missed him this morning. We heard the report of the explosion and hurried hither as fast as we could, and, seeing you, suspected that it was your work."

"Then it was Hulk and no one else," said Doublequick, gravely.

"These are my friends," said Petersen, nodding to the newcomers. "This is Robert Marsden, former mate on the Bear Star, and these others are Larssen, Schonberg and Carlssen, formerly sailors of our ship. The captain, officers and men, with these exceptions, all perished."

"We shall stay no more with him in his cave; we will find one to suit ourselves, or maybe you would take us in with you?" said Carlssen, addressing Doublequick. "That is, if you can trust us."

"I can do so now," replied our hero, "though I would not have done so when I first discovered your presence here. We have all suffered from this man's malignant hate, and may well have a common cause against him."

Then they all set out for the cave they had shared with Hulk. When they had proceeded a short distance, "Look, look!" cried Petersen, excitedly. "Where does that smoke come from? By George, it is from our cave!"

Doublequick, Petersen, Spank and the others ran on quickly, and had just reached the mouth of the cave where Hulk had lived, when a sheet of flame burst out which nearly suffocated them.

They fell flat upon their faces, and it was well they did so, for at the next moment there was a deafening report, and the face of the cliff was rent and split to a great height.

The snow up the rocks, falling down into the flames, made steam, and this, finding no escape, enlarged the hole already made, leaving the cave bare and open to the elements.

When the danger was passed our hero sprang to his feet and cried:

"To the cave, my boys, or this malignant fiend may destroy our winter home and leave us desolate indeed."

Doublequick was ahead, and he dashed inside.

To his horror, he found Hulk upon the point of putting a torch to all their household effects, which he had made a pile of in the further part of the cavern.

Hulk, seeing him, dropped the torch and fled to the innermost recesses of the cave, uttering a shriek that sounded like the howl of a baffled demon.

At the next instant, Spank, Spencer, Petersen, Carlssen and the others entered the cave, and Doublequick called to them not to let Hulk escape.

"Where is he?" asked Spank.

Doublequick pointed to the further end of the cavern, where the ceiling became so low that one could scarcely stand.

Spank got a torch, and went as far as he could, but though he saw many a chink and crack, he beheld no traces of Hulk.

The party then returned to the other end of the cave, where it was warm and light, leaving Hulk, if he was indeed within some hidden recess, alone to himself.

After Hulk had disappeared in the cavern nothing was seen of him for more than a week, though from certain things being missed from time to time, mostly articles of food and clothing, it was concluded that he was still secluded somewhere in the cave, and ventured out at odd times to supply himself with whatever he needed.

"As long as he doesn't trouble us," said Doublequick one night, "we might as well let him stay here, though the worst of it is he may do us some great injury when we least expect it if we let him remain."

One day they heard a rumbling sound and proceeded to the top of the cliff to see what caused it. When they arrived there and looked over the ice, they found the noise was caused by the ice breaking up. Great was their joy. But they soon were on their way back to the cave.

While they were away Hulk had prepared another surprise for them.

"Where is that smoke coming from?" said Doublequick, suddenly, on nearing the cave.

The others looked and saw smoke coming from the cave.

All hands made a rush for the entrance, leaving Blunacle behind.

Bounding into the cave, what was our hero's horror to find the boat, upon which they placed all their hopes, one mass of flames and already past saving.

"Heaven have mercy on us!" he groaned. "This is more of that man's work. Is he, then, a fiend incarnate?"

CHAPTER XX.

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF LOUIS GILBERT.

"We have been getting along very nicely" (so wrote Louis), "and have already gone nearly as far as the ice will allow us, having stopped to chase whales four or five times, nearly always being successful."

"Once we stopped to 'gain' with a whaling vessel, as the sailors call it, it being no more than lying to for a day and sending a boat's crew from each vessel to the other, giving the captains and men a chance to exchange news and renew old acquaintances."

"I have not seen very much of Jack Horner; for he is always in the galley or fore-castle, being a general 'loblolly boy,' to use a sailor's expression, being universally despised, and getting more abuse than praise, which is nothing more than might have been expected from the training he received at home."

"John seems to abuse him more than any one else, although I am positive that there is an understanding between them, for I have seen them talking together more than once when they did not suppose I was anywhere about."

"I am certain now that John has designs upon my life, for one dark night, when it was blowing great guns, I being on deck doing my share of the work, although I was not expected to do so, I saw him skulking up behind me with something in his hand."

"Confident that it was a knife, I pulled an iron belaying-pin from the rail, and facing him boldly, asked him what he wanted."

"He replied evasively, that he did not know what I meant, that he didn't want anything, that he was afraid I might get washed overboard, and that he thought it best to keep near me and see that no danger happened to me."

"I knew the villain lied, but I did not think it best to tell him so just then."

"It is now the middle of March, and we have got beyond the whaling grounds, though at rare times these leviathans are seen as far south as this, making their way to the Indian or Pacific Oceans, but as it is uncommon for a whaler vessel to be where we are, whales are not often caught in this latitude."

"Yesterday when I was about to get into the boat as usual, I discovered that John had taken the captain's place, the latter being indisposed, upon which I gave my oar to one of the others,

for the expression upon the face of the Portuguese was not an agreeable one.

"We are even now in a sort of channel between huge masses of ice, and any sudden change of the weather might close up the avenues of escape, and by destroying our vessel ruin our chances of assisting the castaways.

"Last night we beheld a strange sight, which I could not account for until the captain told me what it was, and even then I could scarcely credit the tale.

"Away in the distance the sky was red and lurid, and at times I fancied I could see a flame shooting up to the heavens, though it was so far away that I was not certain.

"I supposed it was an aurora and remarked upon its brilliancy, the sky being very red for many miles, though the colors did not radiate upwards, as I had always heard was the case in such phenomena.

"The captain told me that it must be a volcano, as these vents for the escape of the internal fires of the earth were found in all climates, in frigid as well as in torrid zones, and that the discoverers of Antarctic lands had found more than one, the most of them extinct, but several in an active state of eruption."

As the adventures of Louis Gilbert now take a form which cannot be given in the shape of extracts from his journal, although they were afterwards duly entered, we will return once more to the third person and give the recital in our own words.

Upon the night succeeding that upon which he first saw the volcano, the weather had begun to change and the captain had already retreated, in order to escape being nipped by the ice.

It was well he did so, because had he not, his vessel would have been caught and his crew added to the list of the missing, though he would be better off than Doublequick and his companions.

He put about, therefore, and made all haste for the open sea, where there would be no danger of his being caught or run against icebergs.

That night the light caused by the volcano was not so brilliant, and before morning it died out, or at least they could not see it, owing to the increased distance.

By morning they had gone beyond the dangerous part of the ice fields, and the fantastic peaks they had observed the day before were not to be seen, having sunk behind the horizon.

Two days afterwards they came upon the signs which, to a whaleman, always indicate the presence of whales, and the men at once became excited and eager to pursue the monsters.

Towards evening the man in the crow's-nest forward espied a spout, and gave full-voiced warning of the fact in tones which brought every man to his feet in a second.

The whales were some miles away, and the night was rapidly coming on, so that they would have to be exceptionally fortunate in order to come up with the greasers in time to make fast to one.

The wind was blowing fresh and strong. The boats were lowered without delay, and with sails spread, went spinning gallantly over the dancing waves like creatures of life, the men bending bravely on their oars that the speed might be greater, for the time was short and must be economized.

Louis pulled the bow oar, and was busy getting the mast into place and hoisting the sail, so it was not until he had taken his seat and shoved out his oar that he noticed the difference.

The men of the crew were glad to have him, for in addition to being a general favorite, he pulled a splendid oar, and the boat he was in usually came out ahead.

The crew therefore cheered him when he began to pull, and the boat fairly flew over the water.

The boat had distanced the others, and now the harpooner laid down his oar, got his iron ready, and stood with his knee braced against the chock, and the harpoon poised in his hand.

The men sent the boat ahead four or five lengths, the mast was quickly unshipped and laid in the bottom, another stroke or so was made, and then with a shout the brave fellow sent the iron deep into the huge creature's side.

Away he started, drawing the boat after him; but the harpooner got a lance, and, the boat being pulled close to his victim, he plunged the sharp weapon again and again into the vitals of the whale, the blood spurting at every blow.

It is usually the duty of the one who heads the boat, not the harpooner, to kill the whale, but in this case the latter meant to show the insolent Portuguese how thoroughly he despised him by taking this duty away from him.

The whale was nearly dead, the harpooner being very adroit, and as strong as an ox, when John seized a bomb gun in the stern, loaded it, and said:

"I shoota hecm, give him powd' and ball, killa him quick. Me sav' something."

He raised the gun to his shoulder, and was about to pull the trigger, when the stroke oarsman suddenly lifted an oar and knocked the barrel into the air.

There was a loud report, and the bomb went flying upwards, describing a huge curve, and striking harmlessly in the water some distance away.

"By gosh, what you mean, you lub?" shouted John. "I puta you een iron. I shuta you down in hold, I starvea you, by gosh, I tella cap'n."

"I guess you won't," said the man. "I saw what you were aiming at. You wanted to shoot little Louis instead of the whale, confound your ugly carcass!"

"Bully for us!" shouted the harpooner at that moment. "There he turns over on his side. Now to tow him back; it's growing dark."

The whale was dead, indeed, and the work of towing the body back to the ship was at once begun, the other boats soon arriving and assisting in this operation, for the carcass was a big one and might sink unless towed by more than one boat.

It was dark when they reached the Warner, but the fluke and head chains were all ready, and in a few minutes the body was secured alongside, the men going below after having had their suppers, so as to be up early in the morning, when the work of cutting in and trying out would begin.

John's boat was left towing astern, the others being hauled up, and everything left in, as the length of the carcass prevented it from being properly drawn up into the davits.

The night was dark and gloomy, and only one man remained on deck, the wheel being lashed amidships and the sails taken in.

It was quite late, and Louis went on deck to keep company with the officer on watch, feeling lonesome and not being able to sleep.

Before he could address the man, however, he felt himself seized around the waist, a handkerchief moistened with some drug thrown over his face, and then he was lifted bodily up and thrown overboard.

He threw out his hands wildly and caught something in his grasp, which he held on to most tenaciously.

Then he felt himself falling, and expected to sink beneath the waves, but instead, he struck upon something hard, and immediately became unconscious.

A man leaned over the rail, uttered an oath, and then with a keen, sharp knife, cut the warp of the boat and set it adrift.

There had been but little noise made, and in a few minutes Louis was floating away in an insensible condition, while one man alone was aware of the fact, and his face, crossed by a look of triumphant hate, indicated that he meant to keep his knowledge entirely to himself.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SAD BREAK IN THE RANKS OF THE CASTAWAYS.

"Where is this villain Hulk?" cried Spencer.

"My gun is missing," said Marsden, suddenly. "This villain has it; let us hunt him out of his hiding-place."

Seizing a brand from the burning boat—it was good for nothing but firewood now—Marsden rushed to the furthest end of the cave, and cried out, quickly:

"Here he is, boys! I've found where he hides."

Then they heard a savage growl, followed by a bitter oath, which fairly made their flesh creep to hear.

Marsden was evidently engaged in a desperate struggle with Hulk, for they could hear shouts and the sound of blows, and then all of a sudden the sharp report of a rifle and an agonized shriek.

Then Marsden was seen to fall to the floor and never move again, the torch going out amid a shower of sparks, as it was dashed from his hand.

Carlssen rushed forward, gun in hand, and in an instant he was soon engaged in a terrible fight with Hulk, the latter swearing and cursing like a fiend.

Suddenly there was the quick gleam of flashing steel, and with a heavy thud the Swede fell to the ground, crying out in his native tongue:

"I am stabbed!"

Then he stretched out his hands convulsively and gasped, his head fell upon one side, his limbs stretched out, and he was dead.

With a cry of horror the whole party rushed forward, but when they reached the further extremity of the cavern Hulk was not to be seen.

There was a narrow fissure in the rocky wall, however, just wide enough to allow a man to pass, and through this Hulk had made his way, either to the outside, or to some inner cavern hitherto undiscovered.

"He has dropped his knife," said Spencer, "and he has no more ammunition. Let us hunt him out."

Before any one could stop him the oarsman had passed through the opening, although Doublequick shouted a warning to him, for he saw that Pete had taken nothing with him—not even a knife.

"Look out for him!" cried Spank. "He's a treacherous cur and may bite."

Then came the sound of a blow upon the head from some heavy instrument, followed by a groan and a dull thud, as of some one falling.

All was silent for several minutes, and Petersen relit the brand let fall by Marsden and thrust it into the opening in the wall.

"Do you see anything?" asked Doublequick, in an excited whisper.

"I see something lying on the floor or ground, and the place has a strange look. I cannot see this fiend who has done such terrible work to-night."

There was another dreadful pause, no one caring to say a word, and then Spencer's voice was heard saying, feebly:

"Are you there, boys?"

"Yes. Are you hurt?" asked Spank.

"Badly. Come in here; he has gone."

Doublequick, Spank and Peterson passed through the opening, leaving the others to guard the cavern, and a terrible sight met their gaze.

By the light of the torch they saw the poor fellow lying upon his back, his head bleeding badly and his face as pale as death.

The floor of the place they had entered was of ice, and the walls glittered like glass, the ceiling, shaped like a dome, being hung with long icicles which reflected the light of the torch from a thousand shining points.

At the further end could be seen an opening, low and narrow, through which Hulk had doubtless made his way out.

In faltering accents the poor man, wounded unto death, told them that Hulk had struck him over the head with the butt of a gun, and that then he had made his escape through the opening at the other side.

He was falling rapidly, and his companions bore him tenderly into the cavern where he had lived with them so peacefully, and laid him upon his rude bed.

Doublequick gave him a drink of water and dressed his wound as well as he could, though there was no hope of saving him, the hand of death being already upon him.

The bodies of Marsden and Carlssen were brought into the front part of the cavern and covered from sight, so that Spencer might not see them.

Petersen grieved a good deal over the loss of his two comrades, though he also felt a keen sorrow at the prospect of losing Spencer, whom he had known but a short time, but had learned to like for all that.

Spencer lingered for an hour or so, saying but little and gradually relapsing into unconsciousness, and finally passed quietly away.

With much labor they dug a hole in the snow, and placed the three bodies therein, covering them over with furs, and then replacing the fleecy shroud and burying them from sight.

They made three rude crosses of wood and placed them at the head of the rude grave to mark the last resting-place of their dead comrades, for whom a silent prayer was said, and then the survivors turned away and entered the cavern.

The ice cave beyond was explored, the further exit opening upon the ice at the base of the cliffs under the lee of an overhanging ledge.

Doublequick and Spank got together a large quantity of snow and completely blocked up the passage, pressing it down hard and solid so that it was like ice, and not easily penetrated.

They piled the snow up thick about the place, and increased the width of the walls two-fold, Petersen and Larsen working inside and they outside.

These tasks occupied nearly all day, and when night came our hero and his friends were pretty well worn out and glad to get rest, after having partaken of supper.

CHAPTER XXII.

SNOWED IN.

Spank awoke the first of any one, and going to the door, saw that it was still snowing hard, the door being already nearly blocked up by a huge drift which reached within a foot or so of the top.

He stirred up the fire, and then went back and took another nap, being awakened an hour afterwards by hearing Doublequick calling him to breakfast.

"I guess there will be no going out to-day," said the young harpooner, "for it is still snowing like mad, and we are already nearly blocked in. Suppose we should be snowbound for a month or so?"

"I'd rather be bound for home," said Binnacle, dryly, and then he relapsed into silence, and after finishing his breakfast, took a smoke, Spank following suit.

One or two pipes a day was all they allowed themselves, for the supply of tobacco was limited, which was more than could be said of their stay in these regions.

Along in the afternoon all hands aroused themselves, for the very good reason that they could not sleep any longer.

About the middle of the afternoon a sound like thunder was heard, and every one jumped to his feet and rushed to the door.

Spank threw it open and a solid wall of snow was seen, shutting out all light and sound, and no doubt many feet in thickness.

"A snowslide," said Petersen. "We are shut up, and perhaps for many months."

"And we have barred our exit at the other side," said Spank. "We are caught like mice in a trap."

There arose a perfect babel of explanations and plans, everybody speaking at once and no one hearing what any one else said.

When the tumult had somewhat subsided, Spank said, calmly:

"There's no use in feeling bad about this. Ask Doublequick if we are going to be shut up here more than a few hours, if we don't want to be."

"Not more than a day, anyhow," answered the harpooner, "and if we had some good stout shovels we would not stay in as long as that."

"How are you going to dig out?" asked Petersen.

"There are boards here, and we have our sheath-knives, so there you have a sort of shovel."

"But where are you going to put the snow?" asked one of the Swedes.

"I shall tunnel through the outside first, and then we can throw the snow anywhere we choose. I can press it aside and leave but little in the passage, as it will easily pack."

"Then let's get to work," said Spank, and with a sharpened board he began digging vigorously in an upward direction, so as to penetrate the drift as quickly as possible.

After about ten minutes of hard work, Spank slid back into the cave, and Doublequick entered the tunnel, which he lengthened by several feet, and widened as well, giving place in turn to the others alternately.

"It's too dark outside now, anyhow," said Spank, "and we might as well go to bed. In the morning we can attack it again. We have plenty of air to last us."

The work was, therefore, stopped until morning, when, as soon as breakfast had been eaten, it was carried on with renewed vigor, Doublequick taking the first turn, Spank the next, and so on, the Swedes coming last.

They had all taken two or three turns at the work, Doublequick being just ready to relieve one of the Swedes, when Petersen, who had been looking into the tunnel, suddenly shouted out:

"I think he's breaking through. Yes, by George, he is, for I can see the sky overheard. There he goes."

Doublequick looked up and saw the man climbing out through the end of the tunnel, and, for a moment, felt a slight regret that he had not been the one to do so.

He suddenly heard a cry for help, and saw the loose snow come rolling down, as though the Swede were engaged in a struggle with some man or animal.

He instantly thought of Hulk, and, seizing one of the remaining guns, he scrambled up the passage as quickly as he could, calling on the others to follow.

When he reached the outer air, the snow being frozen over on top so as to bear his weight, he beheld one of the Swedes and Hulk engaged in a deadly struggle, the other being already dead upon the snow.

As he rushed toward them, the malignant Hulk suddenly tripped his opponent and threw him down, falling upon him at the next moment.

In a second he had snatched the man's knife from his belt, and, raising it quickly, drove it to the hilt in the poor fellow's throat.

Doublequick uttered a cry of horror, and, raising the gun to

his shoulder, sent a bullet whistling after the murderous wretch, who had just sprung to his feet and was scurrying away over the snow.

By a lucky chance he happened to slip, and fell just before the bullet reached him, or otherwise he would have been killed to a certainty.

Spank now appeared on the scene, followed by Petersen and Binnacle, and seeing Doublequick in hot pursuit of Hulk, instantly gave chase.

Petersen stopped to look at his dead companion, and the old mate shook his head sadly, as if not certain whether it might not be his turn next to be the victim of this fiend in human shape.

"The poor fellow is dead," said Petersen, in a burst of grief, "and I, of all our ship's company, am the only one left. This is fate and I cannot escape. I shall die in these desolate regions a victim to service like my father and brothers."

"Cheer up, matey, there's no use in getting down-hearted. We ain't gone yet, and, what's more, we ain't going to leave ye. That miserable cuss ain't got much more rope, I tell ye, and he'll soon come to the end on't."

Before Binnacle could interfere or prevent him, the saddened and utterly disheartened Petersen seized the knife which had remained in the Swede's throat, and drove it deep into his breast, falling without a struggle upon the spotless snow, which was immediately stained with a rush of blood from his mouth.

The mate rushed up and lifted the man in his arms, but he was already dead and nothing could be done now except to bury him in the snow together with his unfortunate comrade.

"That makes on'y three of us," muttered the old man, "me and Spank and Doublequick. Heaven help Jim Hulk if Spank Howard gets hold on him. Ha, here they come now, him and Fred, and alone. Guess they didn't catch him."

The old mate walked toward his two companions, who were returning slowly over the snow, and when they had come near enough to converse, he said:

"There's another feller gone to glory out of our crowd. Petersen has went, poor fellow. He got down in the mouth and stabbed himself."

"Good heavens! all these deaths, one after the other, omens of our fate!" gasped Spank. "Heaven grant that we may be spared, but there is a fatality in all this which makes me shudder."

"You didn't catch that nasty, sneaking rascal, did ye?"

"Before I could fire again," said Doublequick, "he dodged behind a mass of ice and rocks, and when I came up he was some distance away and running like a deer."

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOPING AGAINST HOPE.

"Let us bury these poor fellows," said Doublequick, and returning to the cave, they procured their rude shovels and soon dug a deep hole in the snow into which they placed the bodies, and then covered them over and rounded the snow into a mound to mark the spot.

"The outlook seems blacker than ever, boys," said the young harpooner, as they once more entered the cave, "but let us not give up all hope yet. There are better days ahead for us, I am confident."

The situation of the castaways was indeed a deplorable one, as, reduced in number as they were, there were less to work, less to supply a fund of interest and amusement, and more hardship and danger to the share of each.

The days that succeeded were bitterly cold, and the fire would have afforded them but little warmth had it not been for the snow piled about the door, which kept the cold wind from penetrating.

March passed, April came and went, May followed, and June was half gone, and the castaways were now beginning to give up all hope of ever getting away from this terrible land.

"I don't wonder that there have been so few discoveries recorded in this part of the world," said Doublequick one morning, as the three sat around the fire, "for even should a man find the place, there is little chance of his getting away again."

"Why, bless your heart," said the mate, "it seems to me as if the winter were only just hanging on to aggravate us. I'll bet that it's forgotten itself and is giving us a double dose. I don't suppose they have any calendars down here, and the man that runs the weather forgot to turn the crank and give us summer."

"I cannot help thinking," remarked our hero, after a silence, "that we shall be saved after all. Why, do you know that only yesterday, when I went out to get a little fresh air and a bit of a run, I saw that fellow Hulk running over the ice at some

distance. Now, if he is permitted to live, there is certainly some hope for us."

"The Old Boy alone knows where he lives, though," replied Spank.

"Do you know," said Doublequick, "that I had a dream last night which gives me a good deal of hope? Dreams don't often amount to anything, I know, but this one impressed me very much."

"What is it?" asked Spank.

"I would not have said anything about it had I not been so impressed by it, and then our conversation recalled it to me. I thought that I met my young brother, Louis—you remember him, Spank—and that he bade me take courage, for he had come to get us all out of our troubles."

"There is something in this—believe me," said Spank, gravely. "I never took much stock in dreams, and it may be because this is a good one that I fancy it is going to come true; but, anyhow, I say there may be something in it."

Just then something struck violently against the door, forcing it open, and the form of a young man clothed in furs was shot into the cave feet first, with a rapidity of lightning.

All three sprang to their feet in an instant.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ADrift ON THE OCEAN.

When Louis Gilbert recovered his senses, after having fallen into the boat towing alongside the Warner, he found himself floating alone upon the ocean, the stars shining brightly overhead, and the wind blowing fresh and crisp around him.

He could not see the ship in any direction, though he examined the horizon closely upon every hand, and strained his eyes to the utmost.

The oars in the boat were too heavy for him to use two, but with the one he kept the boat's head straight and made good progress over the waves.

After a while he became fatigued with such vigorous exercise, and, desisting from it, he ran out the large steering oar, and sitting in the stern sheets, kept the boat upon a straight course.

After some little time he dropped asleep, without knowing exactly when.

When he awoke it was with a confused idea of having been asleep for several hours, though it was doubtless not more than one or two.

The first streak of gray in the east told him that it would soon be morning.

"It was John who threw me overboard, I know," he muttered. "As I fell I could see his malignant face scowling at me."

Gradually the sun arose and cast its rays over the vast expanse of ocean, revealing nothing, however, that bore any resemblance to the ship.

As the morning advanced the wind increased in velocity, and Louis, tired out from steering so long, took in his oar and managed, though with some difficulty, to step the mast and raise the sail.

Then sitting snugly in the after part of the boat, he took a turn around a cleat with the sheet, and took in or let out according to the wind.

Looking to the south, which was the general direction he had been taking, he saw something white on the horizon, and laying his course thither, he sped over the sea at a dauting gait.

After keeping on until nearly noon, he looked around for the sail, as he had supposed it, and saw it still at about the same distance as before.

"It is the ship," he cried, excitedly. "She must have passed me in the night, and perhaps they are now looking for me."

Some time in the afternoon he became drowsy once more, and drawing the sheet so that the boat would keep its head well in the wind, he lay down in the bottom of the boat and slept for a couple of hours, being awakened by the flapping of the sail, the wind having shifted somewhat since he had laid down.

He took another look at the white object ahead of him.

"It seems nearer," he murmured. "Heaven grant that they may see my sail before night comes on again, for I might easily lose them in the dark."

The night came on, and the clouds grew thick and black over his head, the wind blowing in fitful gusts about him, the waves becoming white with foam, and the roll of the billows higher and longer, the boat being now in the depths and now high in the air on the crest of a foaming wave.

He lit the lantern and hoisted it to the top of the mast, not for fear of being run down by some vessel in case he should be without a light, or from any hope that those aboard the Warner would see it, but more for the companionship that the cheerful glow afforded.

He kept awake long into the night, and would have remained so until morning, had he not succumbed at last, in spite of himself, and dropped into a doze just as he was, snuggled up in the stern.

It was little less than a miracle that the young castaway should awake at the first beams of the rising sun and find himself still safe and sound.

"I shall have to give up the idea of getting back to the Warner," was the lad's first thought upon looking about; "and now suppose I see just how much food there is left, for I can't tell how long I may be in this predicament."

He calculated that there was enough of everything to last him three days without stint.

A weary week has passed, and Louis Gilbert is still alone upon the ocean, with no sail in sight and nothing around him but drifting ice.

It is a wonder he has not been swamped a hundred times, and as it is the sail is torn and threadbare, the boat strained and leaky, the mast badly sprung, the thwart covered with frozen spray, and the bow a mass of ice.

Poor Louis is completely worn out, and were it not for the feeling which animates him, would have succumbed long since to the fury of the elements and the desperation of his circumstances.

He has seen no signs of any vessel, and has long since discovered that the alluring speck of white which he took for a sail was but a huge iceberg, which stood like a grim specter in his path and seemed to mock him.

On this day, a week from the time he left the ship, the ice is thick around him, and far away in the distance he sees the glittering expanse of an immense floe extending as far as the eye can reach.

"I will go alone to this desolate continent," he cries. "I will search for Doublequick, and I will find him."

Surely the boy's mind is wandering, or he would never utter so wild a speech.

"With hope for my guide and heaven for my defense," he cries, "I will seek out my brother in yonder desolate wastes and bring him back to his friends, his mother and his beloved home. I will do it, come what may."

His strength was not as strong as his will, however, and he sank exhausted into the bottom of the boat, where he lay for several hours completely exhausted.

He was aroused by feeling a shock, and looking around he saw that the boat had been caught between two masses of ice, though not with sufficient force to crush it.

Crawling out upon the ice, he pulled the boat after him with considerable difficulty, and looked around him.

Ice was upon every side as far as he could see, many high and quaint-looking peaks being observed in the far distance.

Taking one of the harpoons from the boat, he walked along for several rods, and presently struck it into the ice where it seemed to be thinner than the rest.

To his surprise it went through up to the haft, but there were more surprises than one in store for him, as he soon discovered.

Upon pulling the harpoon out he heard a roar like that of a mad bull, and then a crackling sound, as if the ice were breaking.

Springing back in alarm, he saw a shiny brown head, armed with two immense white tusks, emerge from the hole in the ice.

He had disturbed a walrus in his winter home, and the creature, annoyed at the rude interruption of his slumbers, was sniffing the air angrily and looking around for the rash intruder.

The animal, catching sight of the boy, uttered a snort, and crawling out upon the ice made a dash for Louis.

The thought of a good dinner made Louis stand firm, and poising his harpoon he awaited the onslaught of the fierce animal without the least trace of fear.

When the creature was almost upon him, he darted his harpoon with all the strength he was capable of deep into his side, the blood spurting out in a crimson stream upon the ice.

Then he jumped aside, the walrus making one last frantic effort to reach him.

The harpoon had reached its vitals, and in a few moments he fell upon his side, dead. Louis beginning the operation of skinning him as soon as the breath had left his body.

Stripping off great pieces of the flesh and blubber, the boy ate them raw with the greatest avidity.

The night was fast coming on, however, and finishing the skinning of the huge beast, he returned to the boat, turned it over, and wrapping himself up in the warm skin, fell asleep, and did not awake till morning.

He found the body of the walrus frozen stiff, and stripping off several pounds of the flesh, he fastened them to his belt, threw the skin over his shoulder, and with the boat compass and lantern, the former in his pocket, the latter slung upon one of the harpoons, he set out upon his travels.

By noon he had traveled many miles over the ice, the exercise of walking being all that prevented him from being overcome by the intense cold.

He halted under the lee of a huge frozen peak, and made a hearty meal, after which he rested half an hour, and then set out again, walking due south until night.

Then he dug a hole in a snowbank, and covering his face with his fur hood, buried himself completely from sight, and slept until morning as warmly and comfortably as though he had been in his own bed.

His breakfast the next morning finished his supply of meat, but animated with that one fixed purpose, he continued his march until night once more overtook him.

In looking around for a place to sleep he noticed a mound of snow, and into this he struck his harpoon with all his force.

There was more resistance than he expected, and with his knife he dug away the snow, and discovered, to his intense surprise, that he had come upon a cairn left by some previous explorers.

He opened it and found a quantity of pemmican and other condensed food, two or three flasks of spirits and cordials, several knives, gun-flints and tinder-boxes, and several heavy blankets.

After a long search he succeeded in finding what he wanted, a bundle of papers, describing discoveries made by certain explorers, and locating two other cairns and a cave, where one could make a comfortable home. He slept here all night and awoke in the morning feeling better than he had for some time.

Restoring the place to its former condition as nearly as possible, Louis covered it over, taking such things as he needed, and started off to find the second cairn, which lay directly in his way.

All that day and the two following he traveled, there being no shelter where he could remain, the cave mentioned in the records being his objective point.

On the evening of the last day his food had given out, and he had nothing but his bundle and a bottle of brandy.

Taking his bearings, for he judged that he had reached the right spot, he soon found a mound, which proved to be the object he was seeking.

CHAPTER XXV.

LOUIS GILBERT IN WINTER QUARTERS.

He found plenty of provisions here, and he made up his mind to remain a while and make journeys in different directions for his brother's rescue. So he built a comfortable ice-hut for himself.

A month had passed and another one well begun since he had been set adrift by the treacherous Portuguese, and a still longer time would have to be spent before he could carry on his search; but now that he was comfortably housed this did not matter, the main point having been to get to a place which he could use as a sort of headquarters from which to make excursions in various directions, and to which he could return when necessity compelled him.

"I might be within two miles of Fred," he reflected, "or I might not be within two hundred; and as he is no doubt safe and with companions, there is no use of my taking any risks yet, so I might as well wait."

He built a covered passage from the cave entrance out to the plain beyond, packing the snow into a hard mass and cutting it into blocks, which he piled up neatly one on top of another, arching the roof nicely, smoothing the inner surface with the blade of his knife.

This passage was not perfectly straight, but took a decided curve, which prevented the wind from rushing in too abruptly, and added considerably to the warmth of his apartment.

It was in the month of June, and Louis had already made several excursions to a considerable distance, occasionally

remaining out all night buried out of sight in the snow and returning the next day.

Upon one occasion he discovered several broken and charred fragments of what appeared to be a ship's timbers, and the sight caused him considerable excitement, particularly as upon one occasion he found a charred and splintered board upon which he could read the word:

"BJORNSTJERNE."

"That must be Nerwegian!" he exclaimed. "I don't know exactly what it means, but it is doubtless the name of a ship. She was set on fire no doubt, or, stop! she was blown up, and that is why those pieces are scattered in so many directions."

On another occasion, soon afterwards, he struck his foot against something while digging a hole to lie in, and, to his surprise, he found a sheath-knife, the blade partly broken, and the handle worn and covered with ice.

He scraped it off carefully, and then, with an astonishment that exceeded anything that had gone before, he beheld a name cut into the wood with a penknife:

"J. HULK, NEW BEDFORD."

"Good heavens!" cried the boy, in an ecstasy of delight. "That name was upon the oar which was found. Thank goodness, I must be near the winter home of my brother and his friends. This gives me new life, and I shall not desist now until I find them. I tell you, it is worth ten years of life to make a discovery like this. Yonder is a line of cliffs, where perhaps I can find a nook in which to stow myself away for the night."

He set out for the cliffs and presently found an opening which seemed to lead to a cave, or at least a hole in the rocks, being evidently quite deep.

He was about to enter, when he heard a hoarse growl, and jumping back, saw a man standing in the entrance, glaring at him like a wild beast.

"Blame you, Doublequick!" hissed the man. "have you come to drive me out as you did before? One by one I have killed your companions, and it will be your turn next!"

"Stand back, villain!" cried Louis, leveling his harpoon. "What do you know of Doublequick? Where is he? Speak out, or I will run you through!"

"Ha, ha! I see, it is not the old wolf, but the young whelp, little Doublequick, as they call him. You have come too late, for he is dead. You wanted to save him, you didn't come soon enough."

"Who are you, villain?" cried the boy, gazing intently at the man before him and standing ready to repel any attack.

"I am Hulk—Jim Hulk—and your brother has hunted me from my home, deprived me of food and shelter, and left me to die of hunger and cold."

"If you come near me I will run you through!" shouted Louis, poisoning his harpoon. "Take warning, for I will defend my life with my last breath."

Hulk retreated into the cavern, and Louis, fearing that he might procure some formidable weapon, retired to some little distance.

In a few moments Hulk came out with a gun in his hands, and seeing Louis, began running after him, the weapon drawn up to his shoulder.

The lad dodged around a point of rocks and ran with all his might, not caring to get a bullet in his head.

He saw a man at some distance and shouted to him, but the latter quickly disappeared, and the boy, after going some rods further, found a hole in the cliff, where he crawled in and lay down.

The snow was falling thick and fast, the scene being obscured by the whirling flakes, so, unrolling his blanket, which he had carried strapped on his shoulders, Louis ate a light supper, wrapped himself up warmly, and soon dropped off to sleep.

Meanwhile, the miserable Hulk went prowling about, gun in hand, seeking for Louis in the blinding snow and uttering fearful imprecations upon the boy's innocent head.

Up and down he searched, unmindful of the bitter cold, the fatal numbness gradually creeping over him, though in his insane infatuation he heeded it not.

When Louis awoke in the morning, he ate his breakfast, rolled up his blanket, and went outside, creeping carefully around the overhanging snowdrift for fear of sending it down about his head.

He had gone but a short distance when he came upon the body of a man, lying face downward in the snow.

He turned it over, and, to his surprise, beheld the wretched

Hulk, frozen to death, his face wearing the same malignant look which he had last seen upon it.

Leaving the body where he had found it, he set out in the direction whence he had seen the strange man the night before, and had gone some distance without seeing any signs of human habitation, when he suddenly sank down through the snow, the harpoon fell from his hands, and sliding rapidly down what appeared to be a tunnel, he presently struck his feet against some hard substance, which yielded and precipitated him into the presence of three men, who seemed as much astonished at his sudden entrance as he was himself.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE RESTORATION.

At the sudden entrance of the stranger, whom Doublequick took to be Hulk, our hero sprang to his feet in company with the others and stood upon his guard.

Then Louis recognized Doublequick, and with a cry that expressed all the fond emotions of which the human heart is capable, sprang toward his brother with open arms.

"Fred!"

"Louis!"

"Found at last, thank heaven!"

Then the two brothers were clasped in a fond embrace, and not a word was spoken.

Doublequick was the first to break the silence, and holding his beloved brother at arm's length, he gazed fondly into his handsome face and said proudly:

"You are a boy after my own heart. I knew you would look for me. I dreamed of you, and told Spank and Mr. Binnacle that you were on my track. I knew it, I felt it, and now I know that I was right."

"Didn't you see me last night?" asked the boy looking around him and taking in the different points of his brother's strange dwelling. "I shouted to you, and tried to reach you, but you went away so suddenly I couldn't catch you."

"I went out last night just at dark," said Doublequick, "and saw somebody in the distance flourishing his arms and making a great noise, but I took it for Hulk, and paid no attention."

Doublequick then related in detail everything that had happened, concluding the recital by asking Louis if he had seen anything of Hulk.

Then Louis related his adventures of the night before, and wound up by telling them of Hulk's death.

"Dead!" exclaimed all three in a chorus.

"Yes, dead beyond recovery."

"Surely you did not—"

"No, he was frozen to death. I fancy he must have been searching for me, for he had his gun held rigidly in his hand, all ready to shoot at an instant's notice. A look of deadly hate was upon his face, the same as I had seen last night."

"Now sit down and tell us all about yourself," said Doublequick. "Spank will give you a pipe of tobacco, if you want it, though we are on rather short allowance."

"I don't smoke, but I can supply you with pipes and tobacco, for all that, when you come to my house," answered the boy, laughing.

Louis then began with the finding of the oar, and related all his adventures up to the time he had come upon them so unexpectedly, omitting nothing that would interest his hearers, and keeping their attention for two or three hours, no one interrupting him for all that time.

"This is marvelous," said Doublequick, when Louis had finished. "But tell me, what motive can old Horner have for wishing to get rid of you?"

Louis related the incidents of his thrashing Jake, the robbery, the accusation, the evident glee of Horner at knowing that the boy was going on the vessel, and the wrath of the Portuguese at meeting Jack.

"I knew he was a miserable skinflint," said Doublequick, "but I did not suppose he would be wicked enough to want to take a man's life. I am glad that mother is safe from his attacks, for I should worry myself to death if I thought there was any chance of his annoying her."

"There is not the least, for Mr. Cook will look after all our interests. Now get your dinner, pack up all your duds and come over to my house, and then some time we will try and find my boat, and if the Warner does not come after us we will go after her."

The cold weather came on again, however, in the afternoon, and Louis remained overnight with his friends, and, indeed, for several days, but as there was much to talk about

the time passed off most agreeably, and one hardly seemed to notice its flight.

At last, however, preparations were made to remove to the other cave, and after gathering all their household goods into bundles, giving each man one, they all set out, Louis leading the way.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LITTLE DOUBLEQUICK'S SHIP COMES IN.

The cliff could be seen, however, and that was guide enough when it came into view. Louis hailed it with a joyful shout.

Two or three weeks passed away, the castaways spending their time in various ways, the brothers finding increased pleasure in one another's company, and old Binnacle becoming more and more attached to Louis every day, declaring that the account of his adventures had never been beaten by anything except his own, which, of course, no one disputed.

They all wondered at the intense cold, but one morning the break-up came, and, as if by magic, the whole appearance of things was changed.

Binnacle was engaged in telling a yarn, and was in the very act of rushing to the rescue of that everlasting young woman, who was confined in the cabin of a burning ship, when there came a series of sharp reports, one after the other, which caused every man to spring to his feet.

They all ran outside, and rushing to a place whence they could behold the frozen sea, beheld a grand and terrible sight.

The ice was cracking and splitting in every direction, the huge masses being piled one on another, the water spouting up in hundreds of places, and everywhere a hissing, grinding, crackling noise which was fairly deafening.

The great cakes rolled over and over, the water rushing in a perfect flood amongst them, so that in an incredibly short time the outline of the coast could be seen, jagged and indented by little bays here and there, the great body of the ocean being seen outside, heaving and tossing in the sunlight.

That night was cold, and though nothing froze very solid, the thawing was stopped for the time being, to be resumed with the appearance of the sun the next morning.

In the morning they all went out and climbed up to the top of the cliff overlooking the sea.

As they reached this eminence the sun suddenly burst from a bank of clouds which had obscured it at its rising, and a glad sight was revealed to the four friends, and one which nearly overwhelmed them with joyful emotions.

There in the bay, just coming around an ice-covered peak, was a ship in full sail, heading directly toward them.

They shouted and clapped their hands, and in a few moments a signal was fired from the vessel's bow, showing them that they had been seen.

"It is the Warner!" shouted Louis. "Hurrah, boys! I knew she would come. Heaven bless her for it!"

By this time a boat had been lowered from the ship, which was indeed the Warner, as Louis had said, and the whole party ran down to the little beach to meet the men when they should land.

The captain was the first to leave the boat, and Louis, running up to him, caught him by the hand, and cried joyfully:

"I got here first, sir! This is my brother, Doublequick, and these are his friends."

"Is this all?" said the captain.

"Yes, the others are dead."

"I am glad that so many are alive; but I tell you what, my boy, I never expected to see you again. I found the boat the other day and thought that you must have perished, as it was bottom up and badly stove, the mast broken off short and the oars gone."

"I'll tell you all about it some day. Come and see where we live."

The captain accompanied the boy to the cave, and Louis gave him a brief account of how he had found it, and the odd manner in which he had run across Doublequick.

"I've got news to tell you, also, my boy," the skipper said. "Portuguese John is—"

"What?"

"Dead."

"Dead?" repeated Louis.

"Ay, my lad, dead. It seems that young Jack Horner saw you thrown overboard by John. Though a bad boy, Jack was horrified at the affair, which preyed upon him so that he was taken sick with a fever."

"We all thought that he was going to die, and when he was the weakest he called me to him and told me that he had seen

John throw you overboard: that you had fallen into the boat, which the Portuguese had immediately cut adrift."

"He said he had done you many wrongs, and that his father had made him stow away on the ship so that he could watch John and see that the latter carried out his bargain, which was no less than an agreement to kill you, old Horner having paid him a large sum to do it."

"He it was, he said, that had robbed your house and Mr. Warner's, stealing your hat and leaving it in the ship-owner's house, that suspicion might be directed against you."

"His father had slipped Mr. Warner's pocketbook, which Jack had stolen, into the pocket of your overcoat, which was hanging over a chair, while you were picking some papers off the ground outside the window."

"Both Jack and his father were in the plot against you, and Horner is a bigger villain than any of us ever supposed."

"Jack expected to die, and so told the truth, and on the strength of his story I had John put in irons and charged him with having attempted to murder you."

"He did not do it, but was found three days later dead, killed by his own hand."

"And Jack——"

"Didn't die, and is another boy entirely. He is changed as completely as a nigger would be if he should turn white. He's respectful and attentive, minds his own business, never swears nor whines, and will make a good sailer and a decent man if you only keep him away from his father."

"I am glad to hear that, and I hope we may be able to keep him away from the old hypocrite. For Jack's sake I will not expose the old reprobate, but just let him understand that the sooner he leaves New Bedford the better it will be for him."

"Come aboard, my lad, you and all your friends. Leave your cave for some other unfortunate fellows that may need it, and make your home once more with us."

All hands then embarked, and in a few minutes the good ship Warner was headed for home, the men giving a rousing cheer for Doublequick, Louis and their friends, Jack Horner being the demonstration with all his might.

Then he went up to Louis, and offering his hand, asked to be forgiven for all the injury he had done him in times past, and begged to be considered as a friend.

"Jack Horner," said Louis, heartily, "I never refuse to shake hands with an honest lad or one that tries to do right. I am glad to see a change for the better in you. Count me as one of your strongest friends, and let the past be forgotten."

Jack was deeply touched, and this little attention went far to strengthen the good resolutions he had already formed, and which so far he had succeeded very well in keeping.

We will not describe the homeward voyage of the Warner, merely stating that very late in the fall the good people of New Bedford were electrified by hearing of her arrival with Louis Gilbert and three of the castaways aboard.

A few weeks later the Skipper's Bride came in also, and honest Captain Merriweather was astonished beyond measure at meeting the castaways, having not the slightest doubt that they were long since dead.

Old Horner was in New Bedford when the Warner arrived; but he quickly disappeared after hearing the news, for some of the sailors were not as discreet as Jack and Louis, and the story quickly got around town that he had hired Portuguese John to kill the brother of Doublequick.

He was found several days afterward in the loft of his store hanging by the neck to one of the rafters.

Jack found the stolen documents among his papers and returned them to Doublequick, the latter giving Lawyer Cook the balance that he had paid upon the house.

Jack did not go back upon his good resolutions, and he is now the second mate of the whaling ship T. A. Warner, of which Doublequick himself is the captain, and remains, as of old, the wonder of the whalers, never returning without considerably increasing the wealth of both Mr. Warner and himself.

Mrs. Gilbert is still alive, and lives with Louis, who, by the way, is married to Dora Warner, and both are as happy as can be.

Next week's issue will contain "THE SCHOOLBOY EXPLORERS; OR, AMONG THE RUINS OF YUCATAN." By Howard Austin.

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

The Balkan Agency's Sofia, Bulgaria, correspondent, in a dispatch dated March 11, says: "The court-martial which has been hearing the case of the soldiers of the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth regiments, who, in July, 1913, were sent against the Roumanians, but deserted, has just rendered its decision. A lieutenant-colonel, two majors, twenty minor officers and 100 men of these regiments are sentenced to be hanged."

According to a report printed recently, Clarence H. Mackay has leased the famous Gardiner's Island at the easterly end of Long Island for a term of years, with a purchase option. There are 3,000 acres on the island. It is Mr. Mackay's plan to build a home on the ocean side to take the place of the homestead of the late John Lyon Gardiner. Besides the home Mr. Mackay plans to construct a polo field, tennis courts, automobile course, boat-house and stock farm. The value of the island is \$3,000,000.

Sixty Indians recently took their allotments of land from the government on the Red Lake Indian reservation. The lands selected by them are adjoining Reiner Township of Pennington County, Minn., on the east. These Indians are all college men and will engage in farming on an extensive scale. Material is already on the ground for the erection of some good buildings, and work will be rushed on them as fast as possible. This land is but nine miles from the end of the line of the Minnesota and Northwestern Electric Railway Company, which runs from this city to Goodridge.

Gamblers, who pose as traveling men, are working the trains between New York and Boston, according to numerous complaints that became known recently. Although the railroads frequently warn the traveling public to beware of men who wish to "make up a hand at cards," many are swindled by men who are apparently traveling salesmen. The gamblers stop in Boston hotels, always claiming that they represent some mercantile house. On the train one meets another with the remark: "Hello, Bill; who are you traveling for now?" This seems to be a sort of "prop" remark designed to mislead unsuspecting card players.

"Moving" by parcel post is the latest of novel uses to which this service is being put. This plan was used by a family in shifting their home from a town in Nevada to Grass Valley, Cal., and it is said to have resulted in a considerable saving in transportation charges. The furniture could not be shipped in that way, since it did not come within the 72-inch limit prescribed by the Postoffice Department, but all the smaller articles were packed in square boxes and turned over to the mail man. When the shipment reached its destination the owner backed his wagon up to the postoffice, loaded his boxes and hauled them to his new home.

R. F. Robertson, of Dublin, Ireland, has just perfected an invention designed for the destruction of Zeppelin balloons by aeroplanes. He is said to have received a large order from the French and British army departments. The invention consists of a steel dart, fitted at its rear with fishhook-like projections. The dart is hollow and contains an explosive which burns with a fierce sharp flame. When such a dart is dropped from an aeroplane upon a Zeppelin or other gas balloon, the hooks catch in the fabric after the point of the dart has pierced it and the explosive charge is ignited by the pulling backward of a friction detonator. As the explosion takes place inside the gasbag its effects are expected to be disastrous.

Pedestrians out late recently on Queen Anne Hill, Seattle, Wash., were astonished to see Patrolman A. H. Ellis, revolver in hand, chasing a large, furry animal down McGraw street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues West. The two dashed around the corner and up an alley. A moment later there came three shots, and the patrolman emerged from the alley dragging by the tail a monster raccoon weighing forty pounds. Ellis was walking his beat about 10 o'clock when the animal sprang from the ground and clung to him. He shook it off. It lunged at him again and this time got under his coat and sunk its teeth in the patrolman's thigh. He again shook the animal off and pursued it down the street and up the alley, where he managed to shoot it.

"If things keep going at their present pace it will not be long before we shall behold our girls puffing cigarettes on Tremont street," said Mrs. Anna Steinauer, Boston's only policewoman, in telling recently of a sweeping investigation she has just finished. "Boston girls are cigarette smokers. This is, I am sorry to say, true, but let me say here that it is not among the middle class we find the greatest number of girl smokers, but among the very wealthy and very low," she said. "The women of the lower class and the women of society are the smokers. I am sorry to say, too, that I find the number of high school girls who smoke is on the increase. This is alarming. The mother needs to watch her daughter as well as her son. These girls, what few there are, do their smoking on the quiet. It is the society woman who brazenly brings forth her cigarette case. It seems to me it is only a question of time when she will be bold enough to smoke on the street, or in the parlor of a hotel or theater. In regard to the public dance halls, I must say that I wish the parties given by the fashionable women of society were one-half as well conducted. I think the private functions should be open affairs, just as well as the public dance halls. The society women should be made to open their doors to me. If the clubwomen would join and work together there is nothing they could not accomplish." The first place to be "cleaned up," Mrs. Steinauer believes, should be the exclusive Back Bay.

Jumping Jack, the Boy Acrobat

—OR—

LEAPING INTO LUCK

By William Wade

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER V (continued)

"He can't do it. He has got to git to town and back!"

"Well, there's no other way. We have got to go back after it. We can't give up the money after working so hard for it."

"That's right. Put the old horse into a run."

The villains turned the wagon around, and then came tearing down the hill at full speed. Jack watched for a chance to get under the wagon again.

But it did not offer. David Lynn's gaze was turned back until the wagon was out of sight. The young athlete then leaped out of the bushes.

He was in a quandary.

He had recovered the stolen money, but the rogues had escaped. It was his desire to bring them to justice. How could this be done?

After a few moments' reflection, he formulated his plan. He went back to the spot where he had left the bag of money.

Jack skilfully covered it over with leaves and brush to guard against its discovery.

Then he started down the road at full speed. He was a tireless runner and covered the road rapidly. In a short while he reached the junction of the back road into the main highway.

The wheel tracks showed him that the robbers had gone back to the ravine. Jack paused again in doubt.

And just then he heard the tinkle of a bell. A bicyclist was coming from the opposite direction.

In an instant Jack put up his hand and cried:

"Wait! I want to speak with you!"

The bicyclist leaped off his wheel. He was a man of middle age with a sharp, shrewd cast of features.

"Hello, my boy!" he exclaimed. "What do you want?"

"I want you to help me catch a couple of men who have robbed the Waynwood bank."

The bicyclist stared, and for a moment he seemed too astonished to speak.

"Eh?" he finally gasped. "Do you mean that?"

"Every word of it!"

"Who are you?"

"I am Jack Wallace."

"Where are you from?"

"From Brownville now, but my home is anywhere and everywhere. I will tell you my story."

And Jack told the story in quick detail of his experience with the Lynns. The stranger listened in amazement.

"Boy, you are a wonder!" he cried. "There will be big money in this for you. Do you know who I am?"

"No," replied Jack.

"Well, I am Detective Burns from Waynwood. There

are detectives on every highway about here. Now, if you will help me to bag these villains, I will see that you get your share of the reward."

"I am with you," cried Jack.

"I have heard of you. Don't they call you Jumping Jack?"

"Yes."

"Good! I can see you are a boy of nerve. You think the money is all safe up there, do you?"

"I think so."

"This is a great streak of luck if you and I can bag these rascals. We will get the credit for it."

"But they are desperate men," cried Jack. "Do you think we can manage them without help?"

"Leave them to me," cried Burns, confidently. "I am well armed and am a dead-shot. Now, this wheel is a strong one and it will easily carry us both if you can stand on the rear step."

"I could do that," agreed Jack.

This is a simple feat, as every rider knows. Jack stood on the step and Burns worked the pedals.

They fairly flew over the smooth road. Up one incline and down another, around bends and curves, and suddenly a sound smote upon their hearing.

It was the rumble of wheels.

Around a bend in the road came the horse and wagon with the two cracksmen. Moses Lynn was lashing the horse in a furious way.

Not until they were almost upon them did the two robbers see Jack and the detective.

Then Burns leaped into the road, throwing up his arms.

This frightened the horse and he shied, the wagon wheels colliding with a stump. In an instant it was overturned and the two bank robbers were hurled in the road.

CHAPTER VI.

WESTWARD BOUND.

Fortune was certainly against the Lynns.

David Lynn struck his head on the hard surface of the road and was rendered unconscious.

Moses alighted on his feet, but Burns, the detective, was upon him like a tiger.

A terrific struggle followed. Burns was a clever wrestler, but Moses Lynn was a powerful man, and had it not been for Jack he might have got the best of the argument.

As it was, though, Burns got the bracelets on his wrists and he was a prisoner.

He was left bound in the road and attention was given the other robber.

David had been only stunned, though, and came to, to find himself handcuffed to his brother.

"Hurrah!" cried Jack, turning a hand-spring. "We are winners, Mr. Burns!"

"You bet!" cried the detective, "only for you, though, the big brute would have done me up."

(To be continued)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

A JAPANESE POTATO KING.

Reading a story of the visit of George Shima, the potato king of Lodi, Cal., to Los Angeles, in a paper of that city, merchants of Lodi recall that not many years ago the Japanese capitalist could not obtain credit in the stores of this city, not because he was not honest, but as a newcomer he had not established credit.

Those business men who refused to trust him did not anticipate that in a few years Shima would control 37,000 acres in his own holdings, and have established a large credit in California banks.

Last July Shima owned about a quarter of the 4,000,000 sacks of potatoes in California, and to-day he owns half of the 500,000 sacks unsold in the State.

GREATEST STAMP COLLECTOR.

The name of the world's greatest collector is Philip le Renotiere von Ferrary, says American Boy. Although an Austrian subject, he has long resided in Paris and many collectors have wondered how his stamps have fared during the troublous times that the city has been experiencing. His great collection, the finest in the world, was housed in the Austrian embassy, and has no doubt gone through the war troubles without injury.

M. le Renotiere has been collecting stamps since early in the sixties and the great rarities of the world have been placed before him for his acceptance or rejection. He is said to have over one hundred and twenty thousand stamps in his collection and to have spent more than one and one-half million dollars.

FOOD SENT GERMANY BY THE PARCEL POST.

A difficult question certain to cause much perplexity will be raised if there is any movement among friends of Germany in this country to send food to Germany by parcel post. The question was brought to the attention of State Department officials the other day by the fact that Dr. George Barthelme, Washington correspondent of the Cologne Gazette, has endeavored to put the idea into effect. He has mailed by United States parcel post an eleven-pound sack of flour addressed to a civilian acquaintance in Germany.

Dr. Barthelme believes that if this sack of flour reaches its destination the problem of supplying food to Germany will have been partly solved.

The belief supporting this plea is that packages carried in the United States mails are inviolate. The inviolability of mails, however, relates, it is held, only to correspondence, and belligerent warships are granted the right of holding up vessels carrying mails as well as other vessels.

The postoffice department has adopted a war rule that contraband of war cannot be sent through the mails.

BERLIN HIGHER SCHOOLS AND THE WAR.

The higher educational institutions of Berlin have been greatly affected by the war, says the Berlin Lokal Anzeiger.

Of the 7,059 men and 976 women who are enrolled as students in the university 4,269 men and 75 women are on leave of absence for army and hospital service, and it is probable that many others have gone to the front without notifying the university authorities. Among the 238 foreign students of the university are 22 Russians and one Englishman. In the Charlottenburg Technical School, which had 2,634 students last summer, only 684 were enrolled for the winter semester, and so many of these have since been called to the colors that the actual attendance is probably less than 200.

The Academy of Music, which had 331 students last summer, now has only 203, of whom 20 are foreigners. The Academy of Fine Arts, which usually has 300 students in winter, now has only 100.

The Veterinary College, which last summer was attended by 140 pupils of the Military Veterinary Academy and by 333 other students, now has a total attendance of 108 students, most of whom are too young for military service. The attendance at the Agriculture College has fallen from 897 to 169.

The Royal Academy of Mines still has the names of 180 students on its lists, but 140 of these are "on leave," i. e., in the field. Finally, the High School of Commerce, which had 562 students, even in the summer, now has only 372 enrolled, and only 167 in actual attendance.

SENT FOR HIS RELATIVES.

J. C. Hammer, of St. Louis, who seems to have much money, was taken in charge by the police, who put him in care of trained nurses and sent for his relatives.

He recently arrived in Miami, Fla., from Palm Beach and was found on the bay shore declaiming into infinite space and fighting an imaginary foe. At his feet was \$100,000 worth of bonds wrapped in an old newspaper. In his pocket and stockings was \$10,000 in gold, silver and greenbacks. Besides, he had 340 coins dated 1710 and thereabouts, estimated to be worth about \$40,000.

Mr. Hammer told those who were pleased to listen to him that he favors banks but prefers to carry his ready money. He said he started in the cattle business in the West but bought most of his bonds on the New York Stock Exchange when there was a slump in the market. He told the police he had brought \$1,000,000 with him, but he couldn't tell what had become of it.

John C. Hammer is a retired St. Louis grocer. He once had a grocery at No. 2701 Lucas avenue, St. Louis, and lived in rooms above the store.

J. J. Hammer, a brother, who has a grocery at No. 2236 Morgan street, said his brother was subject to strange spells that lasted for indefinite periods. He became similarly afflicted on the streets of St. Louis a year ago.

Miss Sophia M. Hammer, a sister, has gone to Miami, having received a telegram telling of her brother's plight. He is forty years old and the bonds he had were supposed to be in a bank here.

FROM ALL POINTS

One hundred Vickers machine rifles and tripod mounts are to be built by the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Company of Hartford, Conn., which has obtained from the English company the exclusive right of manufacture.

Gov. Strong, of Alaska, reports that the white population of the territory is estimated at 39,000, an increase of 3,000 over last year's estimate. The area is 590,884 square miles, and the density of the total population per square mile at the last Federal census was one inhabitant to ten square miles of area.

Asher Sheldon, New Haven's oldest inhabitant, celebrated his 101st birthday anniversary recently and started the innovation of morning tangoes. Mr. Sheldon's partner was Mrs. Sarah Cook, of Fair Haven, ninety-three years old. Mrs. Cook called during the morning and offered congratulations. Mr. Sheldon suggested a tango, and the two interpreted the steps, to the astonishment and joy of young people, at the reception. Mr. Sheldon ascribes his longevity to hard work and regular habits.

Mrs. J. D. Connor, living near Barnum, Minn., knows what it is to have close contact with a big wolf. She had a battle with such a brute in her own kitchen and came out victor, using an axe handle as her weapon. Her sons had trapped a big she-wolf and after knocking the animal in the head, presumably killing it, dragged it home. To prevent the carcass freezing before the pelt was removed the wolf was left in the kitchen. While Mrs. Connor was alone the animal, that evidently had only been stunned, revived and attacked her. Mrs. Connor grabbed the axe handle and a terrific battle ensued between the woman and brute. The animal tried to bite her, but she eluded it and finally laid the brute out with a well-directed blow, and when her sons returned they completed the job with an axe. Beyond being nervously overwrought Mrs. Connor was not injured.

Found in a desert construction camp, Holtville, Cal., as a dishwasher, by his wealthy mother, Herbert, twenty-one years old, son of R. B. Forcheimer, head of a big New York chiffon importing house, will not return East to the home he left two years ago to carve his way in the West. Instead of leasing a small acreage, which he was able to do by hard and persevering toil, Mrs. Forcheimer will advance her son the funds to acquire a ranch with the prospect that it will be the home for the mother, who will spend at least a part of every year here. "This is my country," Forcheimer said. "When I left New York I felt as if I were leaving the earth. But I've made good here. The money which has kept me I earned by my own work. I built up not only my health, but my self-respect. I am not going home, for this is my home and my mother, who is completely taken with this valley, is going to remain here, too."

Lincoln Beachey, the aviator, was killed when making an exhibition flight at the Panama-Pacific Exposition on March 14. At an altitude of about 3,000 feet Beachey began a sharp descent. The wings of his aeroplane collapsed and the machine plunged into San Francisco Bay. Beachey was completing his second flight of the day when the accident occurred in full view of thousands of spectators. Having previously electrified the crowd with a series of aerial somersaults the airman sought to add an additional thrill by making one of the sensational perpendicular drops which usually featured his flights. The fatal fall was attributed to the fact that Beachey entrusted his life for the first time in several years to a monoplane. An exceptionally large crowd had been attracted to the fair grounds to see whether he would attempt the same breath-taking stunts in the new machine that he had performed in his biplane. On the first flight all went well, and the aviator's familiar tricks were indulged in with the exception of the perpendicular drop. This Beachey had saved for the climax. It proved too much of a strain for the frame of the monoplane. The machine was at an altitude of about 3,000 feet when Beachey shut off his power. For several hundred feet it dropped head on for the earth, and then the aviator grasped his control levers to adjust the planes for the graceful descent which had characterized his previous flights.

Four thousand workmen, working three shifts a day, a half dozen engines hauling box and flat cars of exhibits directly into the exhibit palaces, automobile trucks by the score and drays by the hundred, swinging derricks and whirring winches by the dozen combined during the few days before the opening of the Fair to present a scene of high pressure activity at the grounds of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The work of installing the myriads of exhibits was something that few people can imagine. Naturally the exhibitors delayed sending their consignments until the last moment, so that when they did begin to arrive there was an avalanche from every quarter of the world. Countless crates, cases and bales flowed in both by rail and by water, and except for an elaborate and efficient system of sorting and distribution, that had been carefully worked out by the management, utter confusion would have arisen, for it must be remembered there are 80,000 exhibitors represented on the grounds. A system of tracks led to and into every exhibition building, and by means of these the carloads of freight, which the railroad companies transferred on floats directly to the exposition docks, were quickly and without confusion run to the particular building to which the exhibits were consigned. Once there, powerful cranes were ready at hand to unload and place the heavy pieces directly in their places. Steamships from foreign lands docked at the same place, and their cargoes were similarly handled.

HURRICANE HAL

— OR —

THE BOY WHO WAS BORN AT SEA

By J. P. Richards

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER III (continued)

The pirate was now seen approaching a collection of low-lying islands, reefs and keys, among which she could easily lose herself, and throw off her pursuers.

Finally the wind died almost out, a hazy bank appeared on the horizon, and presently the schooner became indistinct and was finally quite lost to sight.

Meanwhile Mary Clinton had been taken to the cabin of the pirate schooner, which was fitted up most extravagantly, but in very bad taste, as if the attempt had been made to show how expensive everything could be without the least harmony.

Hal, Tom Clews and Joe Bilgewater had been placed in the brig, under guard, although not bound, and here they were left till such time as the pirate captain saw fit to talk to them.

"I've been on the ocean nigh on to forty years," said Joe, "an' I never yet was stuck in a place like this, an' it's a circumstance what riles me an' what Mr. Bill Trennell has got to settle for."

"Never mind, Joe," said Hal. "If this man continues on his evil course, he'll be in a worse place than the brig some day."

"That he will," growled the old salt; "an' I hope I'll be there to see him hung."

At length three or four brutal-looking fellows came and told them the captain wanted to see them, and they had best be civil, or it would fare badly with them.

They had been deprived of their weapons and their guards were well supplied in that respect, but none of them considered that the time for decisive action had yet arrived, and so they went without a word.

Trennell was sitting in a big chair piled high with cushions, beside a table on which were set out bottles and glasses and bundles of cigars, jars of tobacco, pipes, and the remains of a repast.

He wore a loose shirt, a velvet jacket, white trousers and high boots, and had a red silk handkerchief bound about his head, his hat lying on the floor at his feet.

"I've got you now!" he growled, as the prisoners were led in, "but I'm going to be easy with you on one condition. The girl I'm going to keep, of course, and Joe Bilgewater can be my chief gunner instead of being swung off at the yardarm, as he ought to be, and as for you, Tom Clews, there's a chance for you to save your life."

Tom made no answer, and Trennell continued:

"Just before Captain Hawser died, he confided to your keeping a small packet to be given to his son when he grew up. Give me that packet and you go free. As for Hurricane Hal, he is to swear allegiance to me and be a pirate."

"I will answer for both, Bill Trennell," said Hal.

"And your answer is?"

"No."

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRISONERS FIND A FRIEND.

Trennell gave the defiant boy a look of the utmost ferocity, and his brow was as black as a storm cloud as he continued:

"Have a care, my boy! Have a care! Do you know what I can do?" and the man brought his fist down upon the table with such a resounding thump that it set all the glasses to clinking and overturned a decanter of wine which fell to the floor, smashed into a hundred pieces, and made a great red stain on the white fur rug at the pirate's feet.

"I know full well what you are capable of doing, Bill Trennell," answered Hal: "but sooner than join your band, sooner than see my lifelong friend forget his trust, my blood should be poured out as freely as the wine you have spilt in your drunken frenzy."

"You can do little except pour out your blood, my boy," growled Trennell, "and I could take that easily enough if I did not have better schemes. I would make you a pirate as famous as myself."

"That you may betray me at last," said Hal. "You swore to do me evil, and this is your way of bringing it about."

Trennell scowled, and then, turning to Tom Clews, said: "See here, Clews, I know what that packet refers to. It tells about a buried treasure somewhere. I heard that much when the old man gave it to you. Now, what I want to know is the exact location."

"Which you will never learn from me, Bill Trennell," said Tom, firmly. "First you wish the boy's fortune and then you wish to destroy his character, and at last have him die a shameless death. I vowed to a dying man that I would keep sacred this trust and reveal it to no one but his son, the boy who was born at sea, and I will die sooner than be false to my oath."

"Don't you know that I can make you tell me this secret; that I can force it from you by torture?" hissed Trennell.

"No; you cannot," replied Tom, quietly. "You can kill me if you like, but I will not reveal the slightest part of my secret."

"I'll make you," growled the pirate. "I'll have the boy tortured in your sight. You love him, and will do anything to spare him pain. We'll see if I cannot bend you to my will. Hallo, Pedro, Oscar, Antonio, bring the red-hot irons!"

As one of the guards started to pass the word to others, the heavy velvet hangings at one side were pushed aside and a singularly beautiful girl, with lustrous hair and big, dark eyes, sprang forth and threw herself at Trennell's feet.

(To be continued)

INTERESTING TOPICS

Kansas farmers have paid for their farms in various ways, some by enormous wheat crops and by raising cattle, but no method was more unique than that taken by Daniel MacArthur, chairman of the board of county commissioners, when he came to Kansas forty years ago. Mr. MacArthur was an expert trapper, having followed that occupation in the Hudson Bay country, and Kansas was rich in fur-bearing animals. In two years Mr. MacArthur earned enough with his traps to pay for his first 160 acres of land.

An inquiry was received at the local postoffice, L'Anse, Mich., from Michael Ford, of Tin Cup, Colo., asking if Allen Johnston was living here. Mr. Johnston died recently, but his widow and sons are here. Mr. Ford was notified to this effect, and Mrs. Hannah Johnston, the widow, received a letter from Mr. Ford in which he enclosed a money order for \$15, stating that he had borrowed that amount from Mr. Johnston at the old Butterfield house, at Houghton, forty years ago, and that now he wanted to return the money.

A youthful love romance found its culmination here at an unusual wedding ceremony, under unusual conditions, when Mrs. Dora Ward was wedded to Albert F. Hutchison, both of Readstown, Wis. The ceremony was performed in a hack standing in front of the Episcopal rectory. Hutchison has been in Rochester, Minn., for some time to consult physicians, and it is realized that his condition is somewhat serious. Mrs. Dora Ward, a sweetheart of his youth, learning of his serious illness, rushed to Rochester to become his bride. Hutchison's physical weakness made it impossible for him to leave the hack to enter the rectory, so the rector was summoned without, the nuptial vows being spoken in the public cab.

When Mrs. Julia O'Keefe, of 679 East 179th street, the Bronx, N. Y., was preparing recently to move her boarding house from 129 East 105th street the carpets in the house she was leaving were taken up. Under the carpet in one of the bedrooms she found three savings-bank books showing deposits and accrued interest amounting to \$5,000 to the credit of Thomas Griffin, a conductor on the Lexington avenue surface line, who lived in the room before May 25, 1903, when he died. The bank books had been under the carpet for twelve years without any one knowing of their existence or of the fact that Griffin had left any money. As far as is known the man had no relatives, and Mrs. O'Keefe said that she would turn the books over to the public administrator.

After serving fourteen months in the county jail, Minneapolis, Minn., as alimony prisoner rather than turn over to his wife a check for \$120 to apply on \$1,085 back alimony due her, Edward Brodkast lost the fight when District Judge W. C. Leary ordered the money paid to the

divorced woman. Edward Brodkast was sentenced to jail Oct. 22, 1913, when he refused to pay \$35 a month for the support of his wife and two children. He had in his possession at the time a check for \$120, payable jointly to his wife and himself. He refused to assign his interest in the check to his wife, stating he would spend the rest of his days in jail rather than contribute one cent to her support. He languished in jail until Judge Leary released him, the maker of the check agreeing to pay the money into court. Brodkast made no appearance to claim the money and it was paid to his wife.

The Iron Cross, a decoration created in 1813, at the time of the German Wars of Liberation, and revived in 1870, during the Franco-German war, is the most highly-prized recognition of valor in the present conflict. While the decoration and the spirit animating those on whom it is conferred have remained the same as one hundred years ago, typically modern methods have been adopted in making the crosses. In fact, an extensive use is made of electrically operated machinery for the various stages of manufacture at the workshops intrusted by the German army authorities with producing the Iron Cross. Iron Crosses are by no means produced by casting. Rectangular pieces of sheet iron stamped out with a punching machine are struck with steel dies on powerful presses, in accordance with the rules laid down by the order committee. After being thus prepared and tested, the Iron Crosses are taken to the silversmith's, where the soldering is done, a fine silver border added, and the finishing completed.

Ever since the Williamsburg bridge, New York, was constructed a great deal of trouble has periodically arisen over the shortness of the life of the pavements used in the roadbed. No matter what sort of paving blocks were put down, the heavy nature of the traffic and the incessancy with which it flows soon resulted in deep, troublesome ruts along either side of the road. Lately this depreciation has gone forward at a considerably faster rate owing to the increased weight of trucks which pass over it. After experimenting with every known type of pavement, the bridge engineers, as a last resort, hit upon the idea of lining the edges of the road where the ruts occurred with iron blocks. The blocks are cast hollow with open ends and sides, perforated tops and closed bottoms. They are afterward filled with concrete. To break up the old pavements a pneumatic hammer with chisel point was used in breaking and knocking out the rivets of worn-out structural work. An engineer of the bridge paving department extricated a seemingly worthless machine of this type from the junk heap, had it repaired and put it to work on the old and rutted paving. The paving blocks were so firmly cemented that a man with a pick could scarcely make an impression on them. Under the blows of the rejuvenated "rivet buster," however, the paving blocks are readily broken apart.

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

HONEST BEGGAR BRINGS BACK \$5.

Not knowing that her son, Austin Latenser, had hidden a \$5 bill in a pair of his old shoes, Mrs. Herman Latenser, of Atchison, Kan., gave the shoes to a beggar. But in this case an honest heart beat under a dirty shirt and within an hour after Mrs. Latenser had given him the shoes the beggar returned and gave her the money that he found in them.

TO CLEAN WATCH CHAINS.

Gold or silver watch chains can be cleaned with a very excellent result, no matter whether they be matt or polished, by laying them for a few seconds in pure aqua ammonia. They should then be rinsed in alcohol, and finally shaken in clean sawdust, free from sand. Imitation gold and plated chains should be cleaned in benzine, then rinsed in alcohol, and afterward shake in dry sawdust.

POWER DEVELOPED IN CANNONS.

Monsieur Le Commandant Regnault has calculated the actual horse-power developed during the firing of a projectile by some modern specimens of artillery. The results are truly astounding. In the case of a cannon of moderate size, projecting a projectile weighing 7 kilogrammes with an initial velocity of 500 meters, the deflagration of the explosive lasting about one hundredth of a second, we have, during that time, work done to the extent of 115,000 horse-power. For larger artillery, where the weight of the projectile reaches and surpasses 500 kilogrammes, the initial velocity being 900 meters, we have no less than 25 million horse-power developed during the explosion. These figures give an idea of the formidable efforts which the metal of modern pieces of artillery has to support.

PIGEON BECOMES CHUM OF VETERAN POSTMAN.

A pigeon has literally adopted Julius Chueden, one of Uncle Sam's letter carriers in Shelbyville, Ind., who has been in the mail service here for many years. Some time ago the pigeon began to follow Chueden on his letter route. At first he thought little of the bird's attentions, but as they continued he saw that it was not a coincidence that the bird met him at a certain place each day, but that it was deliberately making a friend of him. Now it is not unusual for persons along the mail route to see the bird perched on Chueden's shoulder or flying close after him as he calls from house to house. The pigeon always meets the mail carrier at a certain place on his route and then, as the route is finished, leaves him to go to its place of abode. Chueden does not know who is the owner of the pigeon. He would gladly take the bird to his own home, but fears this would cause it to abandon its habit of following him on his daily trips.

BOY MAKES \$7,000 IN WHEAT.

Henry Koehn, an unsophisticated country boy from Galva, McPherson County, was sent to Hutchinson, Kan., by his father to get an education in a business college.

His father gave him \$250 and good advice.

"Now, Henry, be careful," his father advised. "This will be enough money, but you can't have any extras on this." Henry returned home the other day, driving a 1915 model racing roadster. He wore a tailor-made suit and a diamond ring. Also he had in his pocket a bank-book showing that he has \$2,500 or more on deposit in a local bank.

A few days after his arrival in Hutchinson with his \$250, he fell in with a friend of his father, a grain man, who had just made a rich strike in wheat. Henry was tempted. He invested his \$250 in wheat. Usually it pans out the other way. In Henry's case it didn't. Some say he cleaned up as much as \$7,000. Others put it at \$4,000. Henry wouldn't say. But he invested part of it in a roadster and drove home.

"I'm not going to business college," he declared. "I'm too busy."

BASEBALL FOR ARMY AND NAVY.

Baseball as a means of encouraging recruiting for the army and navy is the latest plan being tried by the government service. Secretary Garrison of the army strongly favors the plan and the various recruiting stations are already on the lookout for recruits who can play the game.

It is proposed to form leagues among the various recruiting stations and promote interest in the camps. In Chicago the scheme has gone so far that President Weeghman of the Federal League club has given permission for the soldiers to use his park to play their games. It is now expected that the clubs in other leagues will make similar offers.

In accepting President Weeghman's offer, Secretary Garrison of the army wrote:

"It is the aim of the military authorities to make the army as attractive to young men as is possible to make it consistent with the purpose for which they enter the service of the United States. With this end in view, athletics are always encouraged, and baseball is one of the most popular of athletic sports throughout the army. Furthermore, I am keenly interested in securing good, clean men for the army and feel satisfied that there is no better field for securing such men than among baseball players."

In the Navy Department word has been sent out to many of the officials in charge of recruiting stations to pay special attention in making reports of recruits to mention about their knowledge and experience in baseball. Last season there was a team of recruits in Norfolk, Va., which played ninety-two games during the season and lost only twenty-two, a record which they boast of and maintain is not equaled by any amateur club in the country.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1915.

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GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

Reginald Durant, of Saratoga, had two lines out from a small boat in the gulf stream the other day and caught a jewfish which weighed 275 pounds and a sailfish four and a half feet long. The latter was too small to get into the sailfish club contest.

All arrangements having been previously made for the marriage of her daughter Evelyn to Elmer H. Nelson, of Pontiac, Mich., and for the christening of her grandson, Lawrence Nelson, Mrs. Robert Johns, president of the Woodlawn Woman's Club, kept to the schedule and then ordered the funeral ceremony for her husband to proceed in the same room within an hour of the wedding and christening.

Exposition guards have already been established to keep careful watch over the growing rose bushes that have been entered by famous growers of the world in competition for the \$1,000 prize for the best rose, hitherto unnamed and never before exhibited, which can be produced. This rose, when the award is made, will be given a name that will pertain to the exposition, thus perpetuating the name and the glory of the exposition through the medium of a lovely bloom.

Historic old Liberty Bell, which tried so valiantly to proclaim, far and wide, the joyful news of our declaration of independence, recently tried its voice again, and this time succeeded in making itself heard a thousand times farther. Fitted under the bell was a telephone transmitter connected with the transcontinental telephone line, and when it was tapped with the mallet the ring of the cracked old bell was heard in San Francisco. A record of this historic event was made by a phonograph so that the tones of the veteran of Revolutionary times might ring down through the ages.

A subterranean struggle has been in progress for several months in the vicinity of the Alger farm, east of Rheims, says an official note which described the operations. Sapping and counter-sapping progresses on one side or the other up to the moment mines are exploded. The advantage rests with those who take the initiative. Details of

the incidents connected with one of these operations are given in the note which says: "Listeners conveniently placed established the proximity of a gallery of the enemy and learned by their whisperings that it was occupied. The difficult operation of mining then began. Ventilators were stopped because it was feared the noise they made might attract the Germans' attention. The candles used for illumination frequently went out for lack of oxygen. Finally the Germans became aroused to the dangers which confronted them, and soon the blows of their picks were heard. The French sappers worked faster than their adversaries, however, and exploded 1,400 pounds of lyddite, destroying the enemy's gallery and asphyxiating the Germans working there."

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

Grocer—What have you been doing in the cellar so long? Grocer's Apprentice—I have been cleaning out the molasses measure. It was so choked up that it didn't hold more'n half a quart. Grocer—Oh, that's what you've been doing, eh? Well, you take your hat and go home, and tell your father to put you into the tract distributing business. You ain't fitted for the grocery trade.

A New York girl married a rather fast young man, and, meeting one of her girl friends, said: "My husband has reformed entirely. Yes, Charlie has quit spending the nights in the saloons, he doesn't go to the race track any more, he has given up going to balls and parties, and he spends all his time with me. Isn't it wonderful?" "When were you married?" "Day before yesterday."

At seven o'clock in the morning two duelists, who are to fight to the death at a place in the suburbs, met at the ticket office of the railway station. "Give me a return ticket, as usual," says the first duelist to the clerk, in a terrible tone and with a ferocious twist of his mustache. "I—I say, do you always buy return tickets?" stammers his opponent. "Always." "Then I apologize."

Visiting one of the theaters a short time ago a countryman found, on looking carefully at his playbill after the conclusion of the first act, that three months elapsed before the commencement of the second. He at once went to the box office and said: "Beg pardon, sir, but I must ask you to return my money. I'm obliged to get back home tomorrow, so that you can see I can't manage to stop for your second act."

"Here, Benny," said Mr. Bloobumper to his young son, as the latter started to church, "is a five-cent piece and a quarter. You can put whichever you please into the contribution box." Benny thanked his papa and went to church. Curious to know which coin Benny had given, his papa asked him when he returned: "Well, Benny, which of the coins did you give?" "Well, papa, it was this way," he replied. "The preacher said the Lord loved a cheerful giver, and I knew I could give a nickel a good deal more cheerfully than I could a quarter, so I put the nickel in."

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

ENTIRE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE TEAMS HAVE ENLISTED.

The college athletes of Oxford and Cambridge universities in England make the best soldiers and are the quickest to enlist, in the opinion of Guy Nickalls, the former Oxford rowing star, and now the coach of the Yale crews. Mr. Nickalls recently returned to New Haven, after trying unsuccessfully to enlist in the British army. He was declined because he is over the age limit.

He states that the athletes of both universities, particularly of Oxford, with which he is more familiar, have enlisted almost to a man. Both universities, he says, have emptied almost their entire student bodies, and to a lesser extent their faculties, into the great army which Lord Kitchener has built up. Of the 2,300 students on Oxford's roll 1,800 have enlisted, while 2,200 of Cambridge's 3,300 have gone to the front. "The finest force of men that has ever been created," is the way Nickalls speaks of Lord Kitchener's new army. In part he says:

"In both Oxford and Cambridge we notice the same result—the more sporty the college the greater the percentage offering their services to their country.

"Of Oxford's Blues of 1913-14 I find that all members of last year's crew, including the coxswain, have accepted commissions and that every member of the cricket eleven, every member of the rugby football fifteen and every member of the lawn tennis team has followed suit. In the case of cross-country and golf the same is true, except in so far as nationality is a bar."

GREAT ARIZONA LAND FRAUD.

"One of the most gigantic frauds ever attempted was the effort of a man in Arizona to get title to 4,000,000 acres of land in the State," remarked Senator Mark A. Smith, of that State. "Some novelist may write a story with the land grant frauds of Arizona for a subject.

"This man, whose name was much published at the time, conceived a plan for getting rich quick—immensely rich—and there never was a more adroit scheme hatched in the mind of man. He laid his plans carefully and he came within an inch of succeeding.

"His scheme was founded on counterfeit deeds, alleged to have been granted by Spain to an ancestor of a woman named Piralto. It was asserted that the grandfather of the woman named had left a will in the Church of San Xavier del Bac in Arizona in which 4,000,000 acres of land in the heart of Arizona descended to the woman.

"The man who conceived and attempted to carry out this fraud married the woman, and he had gone so thoroughly into his work that he had planted in the archives of Spain fictitious deeds to the property. There were settlers on the lands, and when claim was made to the land the settlers in most cases paid over their money. The perpetrator sought to have his title clinched by act of Congress, and there was an extended hearing.

"In the committee which had the bill in charge, a bill

to ratify the title to the land, all but one member voted to recommend favorable action, but one member dissented and carried it to the floor of the House, where it was beaten. Then came a case before the Court of Claims, and the stupendous frauds were uncovered, with the result that the man was convicted by a court of justice and served several years in a penitentiary."

A CHILDREN'S MUSEUM.

To the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, Brooklyn, N. Y., is due the credit for the establishment of what is said to be the pioneer "Children's Museum" in the United States. Boston has been quick to recognize the moral and educational value of the newest juvenile institution, and has just founded its own museum for little folk.

In the Brooklyn Children's Museum, in Bedford Park, that city, it is the constant aim of the members of the staff to see that its little visitors find what they need and want. A doctent has been appointed, in addition to the regular assistants, so no child need wander aimlessly about the rooms. At all times the permanent collections of specimens, charts and models may be viewed, and schools are invited to use the museum as often as may be desired, either by the visit to the building of classes or by having small collections sent to the schoolroom or assembly hall.

At certain times there are special items of interest. Just now Miss Gallup, the curator, is planning a bird calendar, which will be, as its name suggests, a memorandum for the year of the birds of the region about Brooklyn and Long Island. Under each month there will be listed the birds seen in Prospect Park, the popular playground of the "City of Churches," during that period. In this way the "feathered folk" that abide permanently in the neighborhood, as well as those migrating in the spring and fall, can be studied. Models for this collection are now in preparation.

An interesting addition to the museum's department of geography is also under consideration. It will comprise five groups showing primitive peoples in the zone belts. It is doubtful if a better way than this could be devised to illustrate in a pictorial manner the life of man in relation to his environment.

The models will be accurate to the last detail, and will be rendered specially suggestive to the impressionable child-mind. The first grouping already is completed and has been passed upon by Mr. Miller, who was with Col. Roosevelt on his last exploring expedition in South America, and also by Mr. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Society. This represents life in the neighborhood of the Amazon River, centering about a Carib Indian. These, together with the history models prepared by Miss Agnes E. Bowen, will, when completed, form a valuable and attractive educational exhibit that should be utilized freely by teachers.

IMITATION GOLD TEETH



Gold plated tooth, shape made so that it will fit any tooth. Price, 5c., postpaid.
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

GLASS SCOPES.



This popular novelty is made of blown glass, and is to be filled with water. It then becomes a powerful magnifier suitable for enlarging any small object to an extraordinary size. Can be carried in the vest pocket. Price, 5c. each by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE SURPRISE FOUNTAIN PEN

A novelty of the greatest merit! It looks just like a genuine fountain pen. But it isn't. That's where the joke comes in. If

you take off the cover, a nice, ripe, juicy lemon appears. Then you give the friend you lend it to the merry "ha-ha." You might call it an everlasting joke because you can use it over and over again. Price, by mail, postpaid, 10c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

IMITATION CUT FINGER.



A cardboard finger, carefully bandaged with linen, and the side and end are blood-stained. When you slip it on your finger and show it to your friends, just give a groan or two, nurse it up, and pull

a look of pain. You will get nothing but sympathy until you give them the laugh. Then duck! Price, 10c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE SPRINGER.



Don't miss this brand new novelty. It is a little figure made in various shapes, perched on a spring and pedestal. You push down the spring, set it where you please, and in a few moments it leaps up into the air, scaring the cat, and sending every one in the room into convulsions of laughter.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

BUBBLER.



The greatest invention of the age. The box contains a blow-pipe of neatly enameled metal, and five tablets; also printed directions for playing numerous

soap-bubble games, such as Floating Bubbles, Repeaters, Surprise Bubbles, Double Bubbles, The Boxers, Lung Tester, Supported Bubbles, Rolling Bubbles, Smoke Bubbles, Bouncing Bubbles, and many others. Ordinary bubble-blowing, with a pipe and soap water, are not in it with this scientific toy. It produces larger, more beautiful and stronger bubbles than you can get by the ordinary method. The games are intensely interesting, too.

Price, 12c. by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

EGGS OF PHARAOH'S SERPENTS.



A wonderful and startling novelty! "Pharaoh's Serpents" are produced from a small egg, no larger than a pea. Place one of them on a plate, touch fire to it with a common match, and instantly a large serpent, a yard or more in length, slowly uncoils itself from the burning egg. Each serpent assumes a different position. One will appear to be gliding over the ground, with head erect, as though spying

danger; another will coil itself up, as if preparing for the fatal spring upon its victim, while another will stretch out lazily, apparently enjoying its usual noonday nap. Immediately after the egg stops burning, the serpent hardens, and may afterward be kept as an amusing curiosity. They are put up in wooden boxes, twelve eggs in a box. Price, 8c., 3 boxes for 20c.; 1 dozen boxes for 60c., sent by mail, postpaid.

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8 BIG FAMILY GAMES 10c

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JAPANESE TRICK KNIFE.

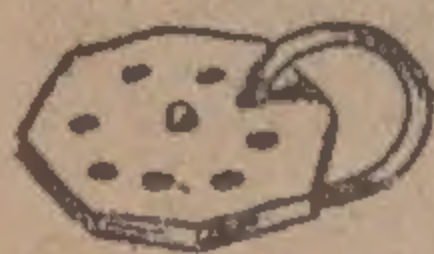


You can show the knife and instantly draw it across your finger, apparently cutting deep into the flesh. The red blood appears on the blade of the knife, giving a startling effect to the spectators. The knife is removed and the finger is found in good condition. Quite an effective illusion.

Price 10c. each by mail.

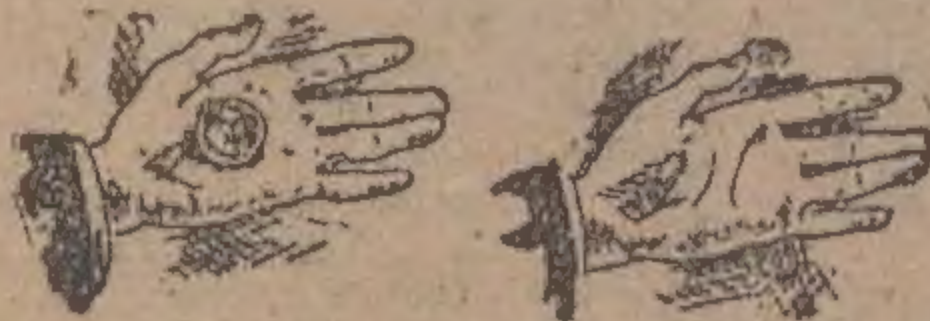
FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

THE HELLO PUZZLE



Can you get the ring off? This puzzle is the latest creation of Yankee ingenuity. Apparently it is the easiest thing in the world to remove the ring from the block, but it takes hours of study to discover the trick, unless you know how it is done. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c.; 3 for 25c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



VANISHING COINS.—A coin held in the palm of the hand is made to vanish when the hand is closed. Only one hand used. No practice required. Wonderful effect. Price: 25c.

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APPEARING BILLIARD BALL.—A solid billiard ball, beautifully made, can be made to appear in the bare hands with the sleeves rolled back to elbows. Very fine and easy to do.

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THE MYSTIC RING.



A Brand-New Trick, Just Out.—Puzzling, Mystifying and Perplexing. A metal ring is handed around for examination, and is found to be solid, unbroken japanned iron. A cane, a pencil or a string is held tightly at each end by a spectator. The performer lightly taps the cane with the ring, and the ring suddenly is seen to be encircling the cane. How did the ring pass the spectator's two hands and get on the cane? The most mystifying trick ever invented. Others charge 75 cents for this trick; but our price, including instruction, is 12c., postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

BLACK-EYE JOKE.



New and amusing joker. The victim is told to hold the tube close to his eye so as to exclude all light from the back, and then to remove the tube until pictures appear in the center. In trying to locate the pictures he will receive the finest black-eye you ever saw. We furnish a small box of blackening preparation with each tube, so the joke can be used indefinitely. Those not in the trick will be caught every time. Absolutely harmless. Price by mail 15c. each; 2 for 25c.

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THE HIDEOUS SPIDER.



Fun for everybody with one of these handsome brutes. His body is 3 inches long, beautifully enamelled green, with white ridges, yellow speckles, bulging eyes, and a big red mouth. He is armed with six legs and two upright feelers, made of flexible spiral springs. A dark, invisible thread attached to his body lets you shake him in the air before your friends' eyes, when the legs wiggle in a most natural, lifelike manner. Guaranteed to make any lady howl and to scare the bravest hero on earth out of his boots.

Price by mail, 10c. each.

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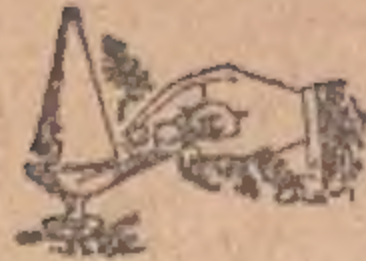
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